Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1959 / 25¢

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WHICH CAME FIRST? by Ira Gershwin

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To Thousands of Americans:

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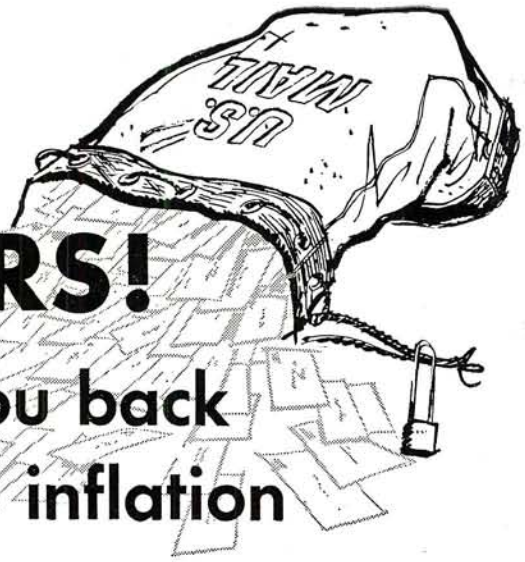

By a 20 to 1 margin you back our stand against more inflation

Shortly after the steel strike began, we published a statement in a number of newspapers across the country. It was headed "Steel Union on Strike for More Inflation."

We told you about the highly inflationary demands of the Steelworkers Union. We told about our unsuccessful efforts to avert a strike, and the various offers and proposals we made during the course of negotiations.

At the very end of the statement we asked for your comments.

Thousands of you took the time and trouble to reply. We very much appreciate your views.

By a 20 to 1 margin you supported our stand against inflation.

A few excerpts from typical telegrams, letters, and postcards are shown in the columns below. They came from union members, housewives, retired people, businessmen, professional men, farmers—Americans from coast to coast.

To all of you we pledge that we will continue to reflect the earnest hopes of this broad section of Americans that inflation be halted.

You have already told us how you feel. Why not tell Mr. David J. McDonald, president, United Steelworkers of America. His address is 1500 Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

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I am a skilled machinist with a great dislike for writing letters. But I think every American should answer your call . . . Hold that line.
Chicago, Ill.

. . . for the first time in my life, I am going to stop and write a letter expressing my opinion . . . Congratulations . . . don't let us down in this situation. *Hartford, Conn.*

Please hold the line even if I get laid off.
Needham, Mass.

I have never gained anything from any of the former steel strikes. *Lebanon, Pa.*

Wish the day would come soon when we can vote on management's proposals. *Homestead Park, Pa.*

Although I am a member of the carpenters' union, you are 100 percent correct. *Butler, Pa.*

For the sake of our country . . . do not sign another inflationary contract.
South Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . rather than further raises, why not consider a reduction in steel costs . . . *Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

Your decision to take a firm stand against inflation is the best news we have had for a long time.
Seattle, Wash.

Please stick to your guns—we cannot endure much more inflation. *San Diego, Calif.*

Stick to it . . . I am a working man, too.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Talking to the boys in the plant I have not found anyone who favors a strike. *Massillon, Ohio*

My brother-in-law a USW member in Gary, Ind., agrees (with the companies) and he says the majority of his fellow workers agree.
St. Paul, Minn.

Is your definition of inflation more and more profits with fewer and fewer benefits?
Indianapolis, Ind.

I support your views even though a prolonged strike will leave me without a job. *Joliet, Ill.*

I am a laboring man . . . I am convinced that this is the time to stand pat and let the labor bosses know they are not the only individuals to be considered. *Covington, Ohio*

As a member of the armed forces I represent over a million who are seriously hurt by inflation.
Chenault AFB, La.

I am a small business man whose business is adversely and directly affected by this strike . . . I am ready to endure whatever inconvenience or hardship necessary, to bring about a return of the principle of honest and fair collective bargaining.
Johnson City, Tenn.

I am a farmer and the cost of labor and material has increased to the point where I can no longer keep my buildings, fences, etc., in repair.
Manitou Beach, Mich.

Use of the word inflation as a motive to refuse higher wages is wrong. *New York, N. Y.*

I think you have been more than fair in this proposal. *Waterloo, Ia.*

Your stand on steel strike impresses me as being only intelligent answer to best interest of not only our country but of the world.
Charlotte, N. Car.

Finally you have done what should have transpired long before to check inflation and its ultimate evils. *Los Angeles, Calif.*

I would like to see and be a part of some action that would curb the power of a handful of union officials who are able to and do upset the economy. *Downers Grove, Ill.*

I am a Union man . . . I do heartily agree with your stand. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Not one of our neighbors or friends is in favor of this present strike. *Gary, Ind.*

Inflation today is a serious business.
Westbury, N. Y.

Inflation must be halted. *Salt Lake City, Utah*

I am against anything that will add fuel to the fires of inflation. *Los Angeles, Calif.*

It is perhaps unfair to ask you, the steel companies, to suffer a strike for the good of all of us, but then I think we and you prefer this stand rather than further government controls.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Ask your grocer if more millions of dollars for the steel workers wouldn't make business better? Well, I have asked them. The answer? Not if it's taken out of the pockets of other customers. Not if it means inflation. *Canton, Ohio*

I am a member of the Utility Workers Union but do not agree with everything that is suggested by a union leader. *Warren, Ohio*

Inflation is just as disastrous as war.
Akron, Ohio

You will become unpopular in some circles, but the American working man will have cause to thank you in the long run. *St. Louis, Mo.*

It's high time the ordinary citizen was given a little consideration. *Comstock, Wis.*

I am a working man and satisfied with wages provided living costs can be kept where they are.
Chicago, Ill.

Inflation is eating the very heart out of most of the old people. My social security was increased $78 per year, but my home taxes went up $84.66.
Cincinnati, Ohio

I strongly urge a stand against wage increases.
East Aurora, N. Y.

Stop . . . before we use a wheelbarrow of money to buy a loaf of bread. *Rockford, Ill.*

I have great admiration for your courage and wisdom. *Deerfield, Ill.*

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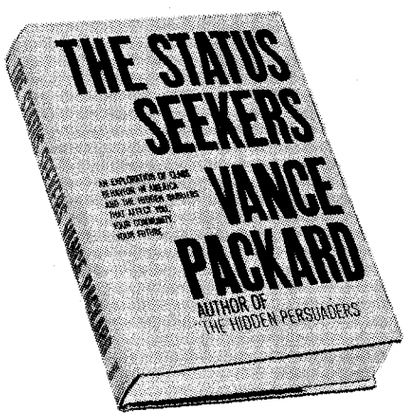

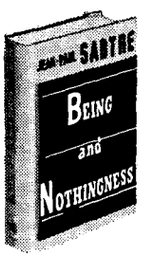

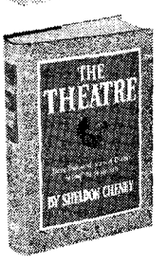

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Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1959

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TRADE Winds

IF THE OBSCURE GAMEKEEPER by the name of Mellors had known what a fuss it would be making now, we're sure he wouldn't have been so bold as to make love to Lady Chatterley.

Within the past few weeks, the amours of Mellors and Lady Constance have commanded the attention of everyone from the Postmaster General on down, have consumed considerable tonnage of pulp and paper, and have brought all kinds of imposing legal documents into being, which are rather dull reading compared to the book.

Press releases from the various publishers concerned are flying through the air like confetti, and press conferences have been organized with all the pomp and ceremony of a White House pronouncement.

THE WHOLE THING started when Grove Press sounded the news that it was bringing out an unexpurgated edition of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in a handsome, bound edition. Early in 1954, Mark Schorer, professor of English at the University of California, was sent to visit Frieda Lawrence Ravagli, widow of D. H. Lawrence, in New Mexico, to examine the original text in Lawrence's handwriting. Arrangements were properly made with her to proceed with the publication of this edition, and Grove finally published the book on May 4, 1959, with an introduction by Mr. Schorer and a preface by Archibald MacLeish.

Grove announced the publication with pride and dignity.

But the Post Office felt differently.

Almost before the print had dried, 164 copies were impounded in the mail by the Post Office Department. The charge of obscenity was leveled at Grove by the Post Office critics, whose literary credits have not been revealed.

HUNG UP HIGH AND DRY with a best seller on its hands, Grove rolled up its sleeves to take on the postage-stamp gentlemen, while it pushed out to the markets 135,000 copies via Railway Express, trucks, United Parcel, and Nubian carrier. It was slow and expensive, but it worked.

Macy's, ever alert to elastic merchandising, ran an ad for the barred book, which was a masterpiece of cunning. Unable to mention it by name because of the ban, they ran a blow-up of the best seller list, leaving the number two book without a title and marked only by an asterisk. The footnote read: "If you are outside the United Parcel delivery area, the book will be forwarded to you by Express."

THE TRIAL of Grove Press, Plaintiff, vs. Robert K. Christenberry, individually and as Postmaster of the City of New York, which took place July 21, 1959, has been described as a cross between a lively literary tea and a Grade-B movie.

Among the witnesses for the plaintiff was the distinguished literary figure, Malcolm Cowley. After considerable time on the stand, Mr. Cowley was asked if he did not agree that the Lawrence book described in every detail the complete sex act.

After a moment of thought, Mr. Cowley replied: "I'm sorry, sir, but don't you think that's outside the realm of a literary critic?"

JUDGE FREDERICK VAN PELT BRYAN, conducting the trial, noted that there was nothing of the "leer of the sensualist" in the way Grove Press promoted the book, that its preface had been written by a former Librarian of Congress, that its publication received unanimous critical approval. On the basis of the former "Ulysses" case, he also pointed out that sex and obscenity are by no means synonymous, which is indeed a good thing for all of us to know. As a result, young publisher Barney Rosset of Grove (he is thirty-seven) had defeated the Post Office with his slingshot, at the cost of considerable agony and expense. (Total promotion and legal charges expended so far have exceeded $80,000.)

Bob Christenberry, a thoroughly genial and amenable gentleman, had been named defendant only out of his position as Postmaster of the City of New York. We talked to him briefly, but found that he was unable to make any kind of a quote because of his official position in the matter.

BUT OTHER CLOUDS were gathering on the horizon to plague Grove as soon as the court made its decision. The New American Library immediately announced the publication of an unexpurgated edition of the book, having been publishers of the paperback edition of the expurgated edition for many years. Pocket Books also jumped in with a paperback, almost con-

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currently with Grove's own paper edition to be distributed by Dell. At least two other editions of the unexpurgated version have been threatened, and the good Lady Chatterley will have one of the most extensive wardrobes of varied editions for the fall season.

Grove claims that the New American Library is engaging in commercial hitchhiking, riding along on Grove's tough fight in court. The New American Library claims that they have carried along an approved edition of the expurgated version for many years, and are justified in bringing their own unexpurgated edition out. Pocket Books is saying little or nothing, content to ride along on the fact that the book has actually been in public domain for a considerable time because of inadequate copyright technicalities.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that nearly everyone agrees the book is in public domain, a great deal of respect has been paid Lawrence's estate in the way of royalties. Knopf brought out the original expurgated edition in this country, and has been paying royalties to Laurence Pollinger, the English representative of the Lawrence estate, ever since. New American Library reissued the Knopf edition in paper, by arrangement with them. But Knopf claims no rights to the *un*expurgated edition, and will not give sanction to New American Library to issue this version, simply because they have no such rights.

Meanwhile, Pollinger claims that Lawrence's widow withdrew her decision to permit Grove to publish its edition in the first place, and refuses to accept the validity of the Grove Press version.

All this leads up to one of the oddest situations in financial history. Knopf has flatly turned down $30,000 from New American Library, because they don't want to become identified with it. In the meantime, Pollinger has turned down thousands more than this from Grove Press, because he claims that he never authorized their version. Principles of all kinds are flaming, and money is freezing.

GROVE'S BARNEY ROSSET, fuming because he feels that his initial fight for freedom has degenerated into a publisher's cat fight, claims that he will never touch a cent of the royalties, and if Pollinger will not accept them, he will put the entire sum into a First Amendment Fund, to support other such cases against unfair or untutored censorship.

Letters still continue to pour into Grove Press, some good, some bad. As publishers, Grove had been cited by Judge Bryan as a "reputable publisher with a good list which includes a number of distinguished writers and serious works." (Their list includes "The Poems of St. John of the Cross" as well as "Lady Chatterley's Lover.")

Wrote one housewife about the book: "It is a sermon on the beauty of love."

Wrote another publisher: "How many other publishers would have the guts to take on the Post Office?"

Wrote an anonymous woman: "If America becomes a second-rate power, and loses all its ideals and virtues, the country can only point its convicting finger at Grove Press."

For a young but alert publishing house, this is a heavy burden.

JUST AS THE POST-OFFICE ban was coming into effect, a member of the Post Office staff called a friend of his on *The New Yorker* to let him know that if this publication ran an advertisement for the book, the magazine might possibly lose its second-class mailing privileges.

The New Yorker staff man bought a copy on his way home, and sat up half the night reading it. He could find nothing objectionable in the entire book—not an ancient, Anglo-Saxon four-letter grouping in any of the pages.

He called his Post Office friend the next day, and asked: "What's all the shooting for?"

He had, of course, bought the expurgated edition.

But even if he had bought the complete version, he might still ask the same question.

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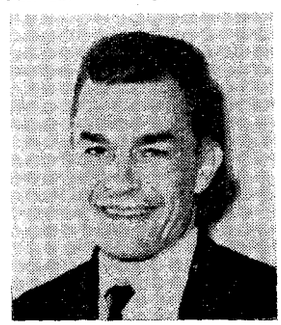
Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1959

HERALDS OF THE NEW TRIBUNE

John H. Whitney, new owner



Robert M. White, new editor

In a real sense, the major New York City newspapers are national institutions. The city itself is a showcase and a gateway to America, and its newspapers are an important reflection of both. In recent years, the New York Herald Tribune, *one of the oldest (founded in 1841) and more influential dailies in the United States, has figured in much speculation in national newspaper circles. In 1957, John Hay Whitney lent the Reid Family, which had controlled the* Tribune *for eighty-five years, more than a million dollars with an option to buy stock. Then, last year, Ambassador Whitney exercised his option and acquired the* Tribune. *Last month, after a search of Livingstonian proportions for a new editor, Ambassador Whitney named Robert Mitchell White II, a talented young man (forty-four) from Mexico, Missouri, and a Democrat to boot. As might be expected, this has raised some interesting questions in publishing circles. Stanley Walker, a former city editor of the* Tribune *and a newspaperman of wide renown, surveys the situation for our readers. Mr. Walker, who is now in retirement in Lampasas, Texas, has written a number of books, including "City Editor," "The Night Club Era," "Mrs Astor's Horse," "Home to Texas," "Journey Toward the Sunlight," and others.*

By STANLEY WALKER

THE NEWSPAPER kibitzers and amateur efficiency experts, some carrying long knives and some exuding hope and friendliness, are busy asking how the new president and editor of the *New York Herald Tribune,* Robert Mitchell White II, will fare when he begins to do his stuff in the man-killing big town, which is at once beautiful and repulsive, glorious and baffling. Any number can play this game.

Mr. White, billed as a Missouri Democrat and bearing at least a few of the distinguishing marks of a potential Wonder Man, is forty-four years old, which means that he is old enough to know his way around and young enough to perform effective work for many years.

In taking his seat on the podium, with as close to complete authority as can be expected, he will have the job of infusing new life, strength, and confidence into a troubled institution. Troubled it may be—even ailing—but there are those who love it. The tradition that Mr. White inherits is, in the main, one of honor, decency, and intelligence.

The new boss is quoted as saying with an old-time river gambler's forthrightness: "My neck is out. I'm either going to hang or dance." This may be an over-dramatization of the situation. The fans will be pleased if there is simply a competent professional performance attended by a measurable amount of success.

Several facts appear to be puzzling the observers. One is that Mr. White's home town, Mexico, Missouri, has a population of only 14,000. The paper of which he has been co-proprietor, *The Mexico Ledger,* carries the boast that it "covers the news like the dew covers Little Dixie," a peculiarly non-ingratiating slogan to New York ears. And the paper, though it makes money and stands well in its territory, is really no better or worse than many another small-town paper. Moreover, it is pointed out that Mr. White brings an avowedly Democratic cast of mind (whatever that means) to an organ traditionally Republican. He is invading a city whose complexities, apparently leading toward complete ultimate chaos, are of a nature to bewilder even the protean Robert Moses. All these considerations, and others, may turn out to be relatively trivial. The main thing, as always, is the man himself—that, and the breaks of the game.

In an article in his Missouri paper, Mr. White is quoted as assuring the home folks that he will return to them as soon as his term of service at the *Herald Tribune* is completed, and that he will retain his interest in *The Ledger.* This is taken in some quarters to mean that he has no intention

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of passing the rest of his life in the New Gomorrah, but that he will go back to the dew of Little Dixie when he has done what seems needful in New York. Thus his neck may be out, as he says, but it is a retractable neck, like a turtle's.

One theory is that Mr. White may be only a sort of interim pilot, or regent, to handle things until the new controlling owner, John Hay Whitney, returns from London at the end of the Eisenhower Administration. This could be so. On the other hand, in his opening statement on the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune,* he says that the changes to be made will come slowly, "for we must build well and that takes time." If things go well, it is easy to imagine the lean, smiling, extraordinarily wide-mouthed man from Missouri, who is said to be an inveterate joiner of this and that, being an important New York figure for many years—and what's more, liking it.

There is nothing particularly startling about bringing a total stranger to an important New York spot. Many corporations do it regularly. More than half a century ago Joseph Pulitzer, the blind genius, realized that he needed a new chief editorial writer for *The World.* He sent out a trusted scout and brain-picker, Sam Williams, to find that right man, and Williams finally hit upon the powerful, solid, well-read Frank I. Cobb of Detroit. It was a splendid choice.

IN SIMILAR action, Mr. Whitney's scouts did a vast amount of spying and reconnoitering before they tapped Mr. White. They might, just possibly, have found a sound fellow in Boise or San Diego or Charleston or Tulsa, but Mr. White of Little Dixie happened to pass the laboratory tests and to have the right "points," as they say of prize bulls, stallions and show dogs. Geography means little in the selection of a Wonder Man.

Genealogy also doesn't mean a great deal. You can't bet on genes in newspaper work. There are a few exceptions, but betting on blood lines alone, as the Reid family, so long in control of the *Herald Tribune,* finally found out, is a losing business. This is true in many fields. Take prize-fighting as an analogy. Some wistful experts fancied that the brawny son of Bob Fitzsimmons, the conqueror of Jim Corbett, and Rose Julian, the World's Strongest Woman, would almost inevitably become a great pugilist. But young Bob, when he grew up, did not choose to punch—not hard enough, anyhow.

What of this label "Missouri Democrat," which has been pinned on Mr. White and which seems to worry some of the boys up at the Union Club? No one seems to know exactly what it means. A Harry Truman Democrat, a Champ Clark Democrat, a Jim Reed Democrat, a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* Democrat, or what? Actually it may not mean much of anything. It is an exercise in semantic boondoggling. Let the young man get out a good newspaper, with a certain consistency and vigor, and without meretricious or crackpot overtones, and what difference does it make whether he privately admires Thomas Jefferson, Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, or even Jimmy Walker?

When the elder Pulitzer hired Frank Cobb for *The World,* he was momentarily dismayed to learn that Cobb was a booster of Theodore Roosevelt, a character whom Pulitzer detested on at least a half dozen counts. Soon the Old Master was able to regard Cobb's pro-Roosevelt leanings as of no more importance than some insignificant personal aberration. However, if Cobb had turned out to be a noisy soup-eater (something that drove Pulitzer into a frenzy) he would have been decapitated at once. This brings up the ancient theory that all good publishers, and maybe all good editors, are a trifle crazy. Here we digress into pleasant byways, but it is something for both Mr. Whitney and Mr. White to think about.

A little Democratic flavor at the *Herald Tribune* will not be like spiders in the coffee, for we live in a time when rabid, inflexible party loyalty is more than a little naïve, not to say silly. A well-modulated touch of the Democratic at the *Herald Tribune* will not be new. There is little doubt that throughout most of the long era of Franklin D. Roosevelt the majority of the people on the *Herald Tribune* staff, including some highly placed ones, could be counted as generally pro-Roosevelt (for the record, if anyone cares, I was not among them).

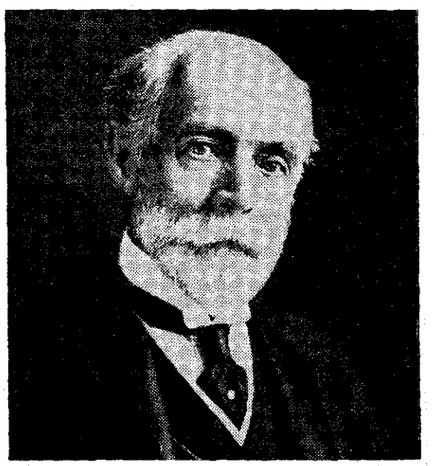
Al Smith occasionally came to lunch at the excellent *Herald Tribune* private dining room, and such events were friendly, informative, and altogether delightful. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that for many years there was a powerful group in New York known as Al Smith Republicans—and the designation was nothing to be ashamed of.

The Reid family, which controlled the paper from the death of Horace Greeley in 1872, hired many men with varying degrees of Democratic sympathies, some of them in strategic jobs. Also on the payroll at various times have been vegetarians, battered old Socialists, Mormons, single-tax dreamers, and readers of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. What of it?

MANY outsiders have never seemed to understand that the Reids were strictly on the level when they said they wanted to play the news straight and reserve opinion for the editorial page. One of the worries over the years was that an occasional hack, toady, time-server, or would-be sycophant seemed to think it smart to insert a little Republican bias, or slant, into a news item or headline. It didn't happen often, but the tendency had to be watched. The Reids, it ought to be said to their everlasting credit, never encouraged such snide business —a business disgusting in motive and terribly damaging in practice.

No, Mr. White of Missouri will find, as he probably already has discerned, that he did not inherit a complete mess. He may think he is sticking his neck out, he may wish at times for a blackjack, and he may seek spiritual solace from Kipling's "If," but he will find, generally speaking, that the people at the *Herald Tribune*—and there are still many, many good ones left—wish him well. They want to see the

From the death of Horace Greeley in 1872, and despite his geographical advice, the Reids stayed East and published the "Tribune" until 1958.



Dynasty head Whitelaw Reid.

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paper go ahead. They were loyal to the Reids, even when some of the Reids did things to the paper that seemed foolish, and they will be loyal to Mr. White and to Mr. Whitney. This is simply because they have the finest, most consistent, and sometimes most pathetic of loyalties—loyalty to the paper. It is this one thing, romantic and old-fashioned though it may be, which gives newspaper work its abiding glory and somehow sets it apart from banking and railroading and running department stores and manufacturing bobby pins.

To be sure, there are on the *Herald Tribune*, as on most other papers, certain persons of a dyspeptic nature, class-conscious lads who would denounce the most beautiful April day as a Republican capitalistic trick. They are sour, non-cooperative, surly. H. L. Mencken, a short time before the stroke that incapacitated him, brilliantly described these people when he said that certain newspaper men proceed upon "the *pro forma* assumption that the boss is a scoundrel." These termites are quite as bad, in their fashion, as the professional Glad Boys who like to yes everybody and prate about One Big Happy Family. A pox on these extremes. And they will worry Mr. White, as if he didn't have enough to worry about already.

The Reids were not villains. They were simply losers. No more "stigma" attaches to them than clings to Adlai Stevenson for losing two Presidential elections. It is merely one of the facts of life in a competitive world. The people at the paper (and many of them had a feeling for the Reids that bordered on genuine affection) were pleased when Mr. Whitney finally took control. For one thing, it ended a long and agonizing, and dangerous period of uncertainty. As one old-timer said: "We can now take a deep breath and go to work." Howard Brundage, who was titular head of the paper, representing Mr. Whitney, in the months before the accession of Mr. White, said that his chief job was getting the jittery employes to simmer down and relax. They were always waiting for the other shoe to drop, and ready to duck.

The coming of Mr. Whitney was an effective specific in itself. His name and personality alone brought a certain confidence. The people at the paper felt better, the readers were reassured somewhat, and even the advertisers felt a new, healthy glow, a sort of pride to have a part in a Whitney venture.

No one, of course, knows whether Mr. Whitney has the mysterious touch of the elder James Gordon Bennett, Pulitzer, or even the late Joe Patterson of the *New York Daily News*, but there is much to be said in his favor. He is solvent, civilized, not easily scared, in excellent health, and he means to do right. Above all, he is neither reformer, faddist, nor hot-eyed partisan. The late Harold W. Ross of *The New Yorker*, asked once what his "policy" was, said he hoped to "make money and make sense." It is possible for the *Herald Tribune*, under Mr. Whitney, to do both. The paper may be "ailing," but so are most newspapers.

MY OWN connection with New York newspapers began very early in 1920 when I went to work for the Bennett *Herald*, or what was left of it, at Herald Square. Soon the paper was bought by Frank A. Munsey and merged with the morning *Sun*, and Mr. Munsey, a frugal man, kept me on the staff because my salary was low. Then, in 1924, when Mr. Munsey sold the paper to the Reids, I was one of the few who moved uptown, to the new building on West Forty-first Street, and became a part of what for many years was a happy and honorable blend—the *New York Herald Tribune* of the Almost Golden Days. I was a reporter and rewrite man for a while, and then, for several hard-working years, ran the night city desk. On January 1, 1928, I was made city editor, and continued in that post until I quit in 1935. Thereafter I returned to the paper from time to time to write editorials or do special assignments, and I am still a contributor, and I draw no pension.

To say that I look back upon my years at the *Herald Tribune* as an almost unbroken period of happiness, with one triumph crowding upon another as the laughing days chased each other, would be a gross distortion—but not all bunk. We worked hard. We had troubles. We were always being admonished to tighten our belts (this belt-tightening thing has hounded me all my life). And yet it was a time of tremendous activity. The paper was getting ahead. And I like to think that I had a constructive hand in the process. However, all that was long ago. Only a few of the men I brought to the paper are still there; it is some consolation to reflect that they are still doing first-rate work.

At the time of the merger of the *Herald* and the *Tribune* in 1924, the *Tribune* had several staff members of outstanding ability. To name only three, there were Boyden Sparkes, Forrest Davis, and Ishbel Ross. Also, to be blunt about it, the staff was encumbered by many men of cloddish disposition who appeared to have a firm toe-hold on the payroll. In the decade after the merger there were many staff changes, and these changes, for the most part, were for the better.

The backbone of the staff in the lively years were such persons as Alva Johnston, Ed Angly, Joe Driscoll, and Ishbel Ross. Old pros, all. But it was

(*Continued on page 24*)

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid in 1935.

Mrs. Reid with sons "Whitie" and "Brownie" when the reign's end came.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Joseph Wood Krutch's America

By Granville Hicks

JUST thirty years ago Joseph Wood Krutch published "The Modern Temper," a luxuriously pessimistic book that suited the mood of the late Twenties. His thesis was that science had undermined all human values, demonstrating that "living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning and that it is most satisfactorily conducted by creatures who never feel the attempt to give it any other." Our civilization, he held, was decadent and doomed, and would inevitably yield to young and thoughtless barbarians, perhaps the Russian Communists. We might as well, he said, leave the world to the naïvely hopeful. "Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We should rather die as men than live as animals."

Even in 1929 it occurred to some of Krutch's critics that values that were worth dying for couldn't be said to have been destroyed, and in due season Krutch himself came round to that point of view. In 1954 he published "The Measure of Man," in which he attacked the mechanistic theory of human behavior and sought to make a case for the validity of reason. Now, in **"Human Nature and the Human Condition"** (Random House, $3.95), he aims his fire at moral relativism and seeks to establish a norm by which man's actions can be judged.

It is good that Krutch has put aside the romantic melancholy of "The Modern Temper," but he has not, alas, got away from the habit of overstating his case. In "The Measure of Man" he exaggerated the prevalence of mechanistic theories among men of science, and in "Human Nature and the Human Condition" he similarly exaggerates the prestige of moral relativism. In both books, moreover, he brings charges that have to be critically examined. The new book compels the reader to ask two questions: Is our society in so parlous a state as Krutch says? And then, whatever the evils of our society are, can moral relativism justly be blamed for them?

Krutch begins by succinctly stating the case for contemporary American society:

> In many measurable respects ours is the most successful civilization that ever existed. The average life span was never so long and what we have learned to call "the standard of living" was never so high nor enjoyed by so large a proportion of the population. By comparison with any other race that ever lived we are amazingly well fed, well clothed, and well housed. We suffer less physical pain, we enjoy more conveniences, and we know more about the laws of the physical universe in which we live.

This seems to me a large and historic achievement, one worth reflecting on for a time, but Krutch rushes ahead to tell us that the achievement is precarious and that in any case we are paying too high a price for it. On the first point he is obviously right. As everyone is aware, all that we have accomplished may be wiped out in a matter of minutes by hydrogen warfare. And if we are wise enough or lucky enough to avoid destruction by the hydrogen bomb for a few decades, overpopulation will reach a critical stage. These are real problems, and Krutch doesn't in the least exaggerate their seriousness.

BUT he doesn't stop there. He insists that our society is not only in danger of external attack; it is being corrupted from within. He has three indictments. First, in order to maintain a constantly rising rate of production, we are being degraded into mere consumers of goods. Second, we are being debauched by the advertising that persuades us to buy more and more of what we do not need and do not even want. Third, both the pressure to consume and the activities of the welfare state tend to suppress all individual differences and push us further and further in the direction of conformity.

There is some truth in each of these charges, but the problems are neither so important nor so insoluble as Krutch assumes. In the first place, it is not certain that our economic system must go turning out more and more goods; John Kenneth Galbraith has suggested in "The Affluent Society" that we can have fewer goods and more services if that is what we want. In the second place, most people do develop an immunity to advertising, which is, of course, why the copywriters grow more and more frantic and thus succeed, at least part of the time, in defeating their own ends. And in the third place, if there are strong pressures towards conformity, there are also, in this economy of abundance, countless new opportunities for the individual to express himself, and one has only to keep his eyes open to realize how many people are seizing them. In short, what Krutch sees as fundamental flaws may be remediable evils.

Krutch thinks they can't be remediable because, as he sees it, they are all caused by moral relativism, the theory that "all moral truths . . . are relative to a material situation." Now it is undeniable that most of us have come to question the absolute validity of many of our standards. It is also true that this questioning of standards has led some people to take a narrower view of human potentialities than a long look at history seems to warrant.

But I doubt that the theory of moral relativism is anywhere near so generally held as Krutch supposes, at least in the dogmatic form he describes, and I see no reason to believe that the theory, insofar as it is subscribed to, is the principal cause of the evils of our society. An era of abundance is something that it is going to take human beings a while to get used to. Utopian socialists such as Edward Bellamy used to assume that once poverty had been abolished, a golden age would begin. But in the past the relatively few people who have had leisure have only occasionally used it wisely, and it was not sensible to suppose that great masses of people newly liberated from bondage would automatically become seekers after wisdom and patrons of the arts. Given time—and we can only hope that we shall be—we may learn how to make better use of our extraordinary productive resources.

Much that Krutch says is wise, and many of his criticisms of contemporary life are just and needed, but with his total estimate I cannot agree. Not long ago (*SR*, July 11) I was talking about R. L. Bruckberger's "Image of America." Father Bruckberger is not a materialist, not a mechanist, not a moral relativist, but he believes that American society has been and still is a hopeful portent. He knows that there is a good deal that is wrong with our society, but he thinks that our experimentalism, our freedom from dogmatic commitments, which has served us so well in the past, may save us and the world. To me his estimate of the situation seems sounder than Krutch's.

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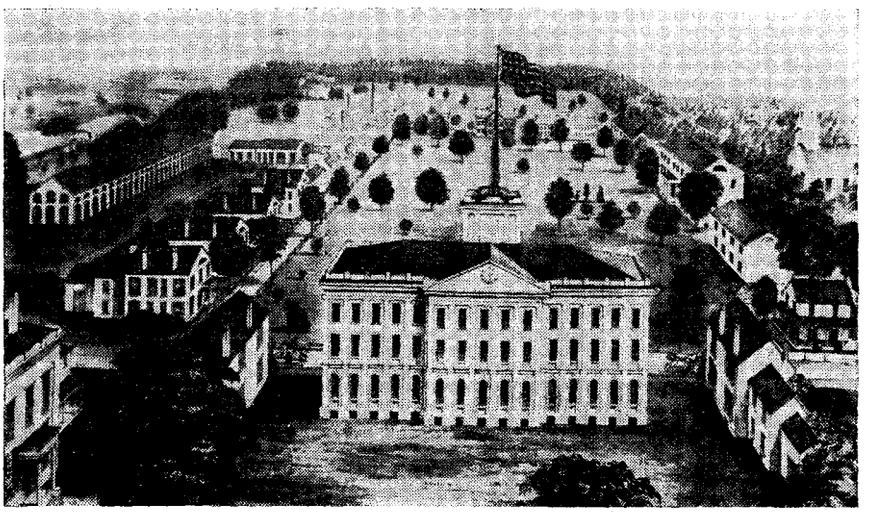
HISTORY

Curtain Rises on the Tragic War



—*The City Library of Springfield, Mass.*

Springfield Armory—In time, a contest between the resources for making war.

"The War for The Union. Volume I: The Improvised War," by Allan Nevins *(Scribners. 436 pp. $7.50), the first of a projected four-volume series, describes the desperate beginnings of the Civil War. Earl Schenck Miers, the author of "Guns of Vicksburg," "Robert E. Lee," and many other studies, is the editor-in-chief of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

AMERICA'S finest literary historian has written his finest book in this first of a projected four-volume work. To be both a faithful plodder in the archives and an articulate, sensitive creator of scene and mood is a rare combination of talents that Allan Nevins possesses and uses.

Can the academic historian also be an imaginative artist? The answer is yes if he has the capacity and the courage to address himself to the theme of man's unending struggle to achieve human dignity and decency. In brief, it is man who, within his own frame of everyday experience, is the essence of history; and in such terms Allan Nevins writes of the American Civil War—as a war "fought by every element in the Northern and Southern population . . . a people's war, a *Volksrieg*."

Mr. Lincoln held to the same judgment; he called the conflict, in his war message to Congress on July 4, 1861, "a people's contest." No one then really conceived of the war in historical perspective—as the terrible violence that can result when a predominately agricultural society, ground under by the dislocations of an industrial revolution, loses faith in judicial decision and the legislative processes of representative government. No one then really saw the war as a struggle between the people of the North and the people of the South. This decision came later—as an example, for Grant, who with Lincoln was the principal architect of victory for the Union after the battle of Shiloh, if one trusts the testimony of his memoirs. In time the struggle leveled out into a contest between the resources for making war, but this was a period much later than that covered in Mr. Nevins's first volume.

That first tragic year of unexpected conflict with which Mr. Nevins deals he properly describes as "the improvised war." We dealt then with what Mr. Lincoln called the "sophistry" of a few headstrong, influential politicians, who maintained that a state, or a group of states, could be larger than the Union. As a result, in Mr. Nevins's phrases—and they are excellent phrases—we dealt with a year of "hysterical excitements" and "skin-deep patriotism" which was conspicuous for its "contract grabbing, office mongering, and political jobbery," and for its "shortages, shoddy, and corruption."

True, bloody battles were fought that first year at Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Wilson Creek. True, in a military sense, America borrowed almost everything that first year—the flashy uniforms of Napoleon III, the image of the posturing first Napoleon symbolized by Beauregard and McClellan. Fighting for thirteen dollars a month—which wasn't much, particularly when the government was slow in paying it—a man came after a time to create his own ideal in a composite of Lee and Grant, Jackson and Sherman. Out of haste, amateurishness, and disorganization, America found a definition. Read a paragraph by Nevins:

> Like a tocsin awakening a lethargic giant, the war had brought into play unsuspected powers of mobilization and administration. Against the ineptness of Cameron could be set the proved resourcefulness of the shrewd, untiring Connecticut Yankee, Gideon Welles, in making the most of scattered ships and neglected yards. If Chase at the Treasury as yet offered only promise that was because the formidable difficulties would have baffled a Hamilton. . . . Among the men of lesser prominence who proved the nation's latent organizational capacities stood Montgomery C. Meigs as head of the all-important quartermaster services, Gustavus V. Fox as the efficient second leader of the Navy Department, and, now emerging, Thomas A. Scott as Stanton's invaluable aid. Of each, observers could say what one Congressman wrote of Scott: "What a relief to deal with him, with his electric brain and cool, quiet manner."

Perhaps only the definitive biographer of Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, which in our generation Nevins is, can thus write with passion of the American Civil War as the prologue to the story of modern America. He can insist, as indeed he does, that in these four volumes he will give "equal emphasis to the Southern and the Northern story," but make no mistake of it: before Allan Nevins is finished, the Union and the industrial revolution are going to survive.

Meanwhile it is magnificent to have the beginnings of that struggle so well told. Here is the story of the great crisis that secession became, the desperate contest between Seward and Lincoln for final power, the ideological contradictions that shaped the Confederacy, the greenhorn armies, the dilatory McClellan, the frantic contest for power in Missouri where the Union must live or die that first year. Nevins has the touch—it all lives.

And underneath he has the right hero, too—Lincoln in this first year

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not yet "the colossal central figure in Washington" he would become—Lincoln who demonstrated that although all Presidents grow in office, he was to grow far more than most. Essentially this is the story that Allan Nevins intends to tell and here begins. How well he knows Lincoln—this so pleasant, gentle, awkward man, holding his two little boys by the hand as they watched a regiment parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, upsetting Charles Francis Adams, Sr., because he failed to be awed by all the Adamses past and present, and yet carrying on his shoulders a weight of tremendous responsibility that made his melancholy natural. At rock bottom, Lincoln remained a lawyer, an adversary, pleading for freedom under God and a government of men, and relying on the bar of history to sustain him.

Obviously the centennial anniversary of the tragic years from 1861 to 1865 is going to produce even more trivia and nonsense than already has rolled from the presses. But occasionally it is going to give us a landmark in our historical literature. Allan Nevins supplies the first—and, perhaps, the one most certain to endure.

History's Value in a Nuclear Age

"The Structure of Nations and Empires," by Reinhold Niebuhr *(Scribners. 299 pp. $5), traces the historic evolution of powerful empires and relates their development to the problems of the nuclear age. Robert Strausz-Hupé, the author of "Protracted Conflict," is the director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By Robert Strausz-Hupé

THIS ambitious and important book seeks to find in the lessons of history an answer to the question of mankind's survival in the atomic age.

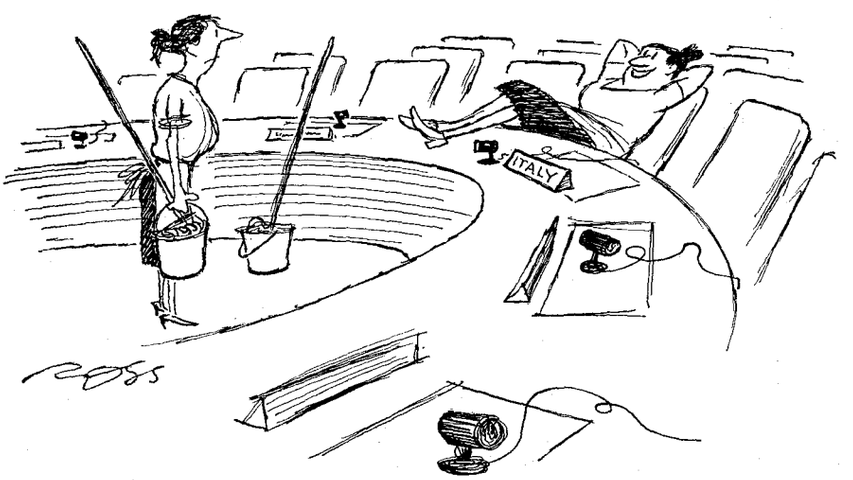
Dr. Niebuhr discovers recurring patterns in the development of empires and nations. All the three great empires of the Middle Ages, for example, were religiously oriented. The empire of Charlemagne and his successors, the Islamic empire, and the Byzantine empire, anchored their universal secular dominion in religion. But faith proved tougher than the structure of empire: both Christianity and Islam survived the decline of the empires which presumed to speak in their name; Eastern orthodoxy found, upon the fall of Byzantium, a new incarnation in the rulers of Kiev and Moscow. Islam passed from the Arab to the Ottoman Empire and now commands the allegiance of millions who had no direct connection with either. The same pattern is revealed by Chinese history. In the making of the Chinese empire, Buddhism served as the instrument of dominion; several Chinese empires rose and decayed, but Buddhism still thrives in many lands, although its sway over China proper has been broken. The three empires of the Middle Ages and China illustrate a recurring pattern: the amalgam of religious devotion and the political will to power. In modern culture, Communism, a quasi-religious creed, approximates the religious dynamism of the medieval empires. In sum, the impulse to dominion is able to use religions and philosophies, however varied and contradictory, as instruments of its purpose.

Yet the amalgam of religion and will to power is unstable. Dr. Niebuhr holds that, on the basis of historical evidence, the day of universal or would be universal empire is over. The non-Western world has become politically aware of itself as a part of the community of mankind, and secularized Western culture will no longer accept religious-ideological dominion. Dr. Niebuhr views the present "world of autonomous nations" as the over-arching framework of international order. These nations, he argues, must achieve "such precarious order and peace as is possible in our kind of world." Dr. Niebuhr enters here one *caveat*: although empires have become outmoded, there is still one that is remarkably alive and kicking. Russian Communism rules a vast empire and makes use of a quasi-religious appeal "in the form of a secularized and utopian version of Christian culture."

Dr. Niebuhr proceeds to an analysis of the forces that engendered the growth of the modern nation state. He finds that, in the last two centuries, technical advances have strengthened the nation as the highest unit of community and, on the other hand, have made for the disintegration of empires. From a brief review of the idea of "collective security," a specifically Anglo-Saxon and cloudy concept, and of the meager contributions of the League of Nations and the United Nations to the very real and nerve-wracking business of keeping aggression at bay, Dr. Niebuhr turns to the examination of the U.S.-Soviet relationship.

According to Dr. Niebuhr, both the United States and the Soviet Union are imperial powers—which undoubtedly they are and are likely to remain for some time, notwithstanding the "inevitable" decline of empire as forecast by Dr. Niebuhr. The principal difference between the United States and the Soviet Union as empires seems to lie in the fact that the Soviets manage nicely to reconcile their imperialist pretensions with an utopian, all-embracing ideology, and that, by contrast, we trip constantly, especially in our dealings with some of our most valuable allies, over our own anti-imperial ideology.

Dr. Niebuhr has a merry time pointing out the contradictions that fray the fabric of the "democratic



"It feels good to get back to the old country."

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alliance"—NATO, SEATO, and the Baghdad Pact, which accommodated some quite undemocratic partners—and the nerves of our own leaders trying both to exercise the responsibilities of imperial power and to maintain, at the same time, our traditional and endearing anti-imperialist stance. Although some of our doings may be patently silly and hypocritical, Dr. Niebuhr's judgment on the liberal democratic theory of international relations seems a shade too severe: the perennial insistence of American statesmanship on national self-determination and free, secret, and direct suffrage has been not only an expression of Wilsonian idealism but also of timeless political realism. We have suffered reverses only there where we settled for one without the other or let ourselves be bamboozled, as in the case of Eastern Europe after World War II, into accepting a phony version of both. Moreover, it is conceivable that in American imperial power, wedded to what Dr. Niebuhr mistakes for a "vague universalism," lies mankind's best hope for finding a way out of the impasse created by the proliferation of more or less viable nation states and Soviet policies aiming at the mobilization of the new nationalisms against the West.

It seems to me that Dr. Niebuhr errs profoundly in attributing to the present system of autonomous nations certain virtues that he denies empires. Empires might, as Dr. Niebuhr says, be outmoded. The nation state, however, is now less viable economically and strategically than it has ever been. The universal trend has been towards regional integration and diverse forms of federation. The Communists have done us the honor of adopting the forms, although not the content, of our supra-national creations: witness the Warsaw Pact. The hard historic fact is that the lively imagination of Western liberalism has created novel and efficient forms of integration that differ considerably from both autonomous nation and empire, past or present.

In his concluding chapters, Dr. Niebuhr tackles the problems of the Cold War, the nuclear stalemate, and the dilemma of Western democracy. Apparently, Dr. Niebuhr has not thought out the peculiar problems posed by the so-called nuclear stalemate which, if we do not bestir ourselves, may be broken by Soviet military-technological advances.

Dr. Niebuhr rejects global disarmament proposals such as those advanced by Linus Pauling, and unilateral capitulation as advocated by Arnold Toynbee, as well as the idea of limited war as an alternative to

(*Continued on page* 28)

FICTION

To Live in a Time of Death

—*Jacket art from "Eva."*
Something we need to remember.

"Eva," by Meyer Levin *(Simon & Schuster. 311 pp. $3.95), depicts a young Polish-Jewish girl's torturous struggle to survive during the days of Nazi rule. The English novelist and critic Marghanita Laski writes regularly for the London* Observer.

By Marghanita Laski

MEYER LEVIN'S "Eva" has made me realize, with horror, how readily committed literature can annihilate judgment. I am a Jew and books about the treatment of Jews by the Nazis cannot fail to arouse in me a passion of pity, anger, terror, disgust. It is all too easy to evoke this response; on the committed book that is *my* commitment, I am ready to do three-quarters of the author's work for him.

I find it, therefore, very hard indeed to know how a non-Jew would judge "Eva," this story of a Polish-Jewish girl who tried to survive the war by passing as a Ukrainian peasant willing to work for the Reich, and I must try to describe it as dispassionately as I can.

Mr. Levin tells his story in the first person, always a doubtful procedure when the sex of the narrator is not that of the author, and particularly so when the male writer presents himself as a woman—one remembers the hideous embarrassments of "Kitty Foyle." But I think that Mr. Levin has been unusually successful with his device. Although his Eva is entirely female—an attractive girl, wanting to live as a woman—he is so deeply aware of the essential humanity in her situation that even when he is, as he sometimes must be, specific about feminine feelings and functions, the reader accepts *this* knowledge of her because all his other knowledge of Eva has proved acceptable. Indeed, if the good writer must be, as Virginia Woolf suggests, androgynous, Mr. Levin shows himself singularly well equipped with womanly penetration. Almost the most moving piece of writing in the book comes near the beginning when the mother, with an old family joke on her lips, pushes Eva out of the house, crying at last, "Live, my daughter. Live."

Eva does live. She lives through months in Vienna as a domestic servant, through discovery and betrayal, through Auschwitz and the eventual revenge, through the long underground trek to Israel. I think that to the uncommitted reader it may seem that Mr. Levin is perhaps a little too determined to get everything in, to provide thorough documentation for all that could possibly befall a Jewish girl determined to survive. But I do not myself find the book any the worse for that. That *these things could happen* is something we need to remember and must remember, even if it makes one's flesh creep to think that we have chosen to trust and make friends with the people who did these things.

But how quickly one forgets! I had forgotten the word "mussulman"—I wonder how many readers will remember it? This is what it stands for:

> . . . among the "normal" prisoners, the emaciated but yet enduring, there were a number of skeletal beings with faces of a peculiar kind, faces in which the light of the spirit was entirely absent; only a kind of existing remnant of the body was there, of an organism not yet dead. There was a look in their eyes—or, rather, a vacancy. . . . These, I knew, were the creatures called mussulmans, the creatures in the last stage, when they reacted only as brute animals. Sometimes they could cling to existence for months in this state, before dying.

There is, of course (from the com-

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mitted point of view) an inevitable disadvantage to stories of survivors. It affected Hersey's "Hiroshima" and it affects "Eva." This is that one's emotional involvement, as one reads, with a person or a few people who survived rests on their survival. Insensibly we come to feel that it couldn't have been so bad after all since this person, these people, made out. The survival of individuals masks the multitudes who perish. Survival is a happy ending, but I am not sure that the final response to it is a satisfactory one. Tragedy so massive is better expressed by an Anne Frank than by an Eva, finally a happy mother in Israel.

But, as I said, I have discovered through "Eva" that where commitment is involved, I cannot trust my judgment of a book. The conclusion of the book, the filthy revenges of the once-persecuted and then the underground journey to happiness, ceases to involve me. It strikes me as propaganda rather than literature, and perhaps, to the uncommitted, this will be their predominant impression of the remaining story.

Fiddling While Churchgoers Burn

"The Insolent Breed," by Borden Deal *(Scribners. 433 pp. $4.95), tells of Southern countryfolk and the battle between stringband music and the local evangelism. Walter Spearman, who writes a weekly book review column for several newspapers, teaches journalism at the University of North Carolina.*

By Walter Spearman

EVERYBODY down South at some time or other hears those string bands playing on the "Grand Ole Opry" out of Nashville, Tennessee on Saturday night, but practically nobody knows what the musicians are really like. Borden Deal knows—and in "The Insolent Breed" he tells.

When nineteen-year-old Shade Motley comes out of the Southern mountains "after many a step-weary mile" into the town of Macedonia, takes his fiddle from its floursack covering, and plays "Soldier's Joy," he starts a lifelong conflict. Shade believes "Folks don't make room enough for the pretty in their lives."

Mr. Deal's theme is the struggle between joyous pagan music and dour primitive religion. Brother Locke, preaching in his little valley church, takes the first round when he fights Shade Motley behind the church and wins, but only because Shade hits with his right hand alone, saving his left for its sure touch on the fiddle. Shade takes the second round by playing for a happy Saturday night dance on the wooden bridge and attracting the fond regard of pretty Saralee Whisenant and her quieter sister Jimmie.

The conflict moves into the second generation. Saralee is safely married to Brother Locke; and their son, Brother John (or is he Shade Motley's son?), has an even sterner religion than his father. Shade, devotedly married to "Miss Jimmie," sires four sons and a daughter, now "the Motley Crew," which plays for valley dances.

Brother John's fanatical religion leads him to form a band of twelve floursack-masked vigilantes, which shoots out every radio, destroys the church's new organ and chases the Motleys from the valley.

The Motleys, befriended by a ballad collector, are introduced to radio, play their stringband music every morning, and drive out to small town schoolhouses in Mississippi for evening appearances. Brother John pursues them even on the air, becoming a radio evangelist and faith healer. Strongly drawn by love-hate to Jackie, the only Motley girl, he fathers her child, Tom Tom Motley; but Jackie refuses to marry him.

Young Tom Tom, raised by the Motley Crew, becomes a child singer. In one of the best scenes of the book, the Motley car runs into another car containing King Duncan and his Gutbucket Five, a New Orleans jazz band. As the two groups walk along a country road in the night, they begin to play "When the Saints Go Marching In." At this point Tom Tom realizes that folk music and jazz can be blended into a new kind of American music that will make him famous as "next year's Voice of America."

—Fletcher Moore.

Borden Deal—"Knows his Grand Ole Opry."

Borden Deal knows these Southern folk characters. He wrote about them eloquently but tentatively in "Walk Through the Valley" and "Dunbar's Cove." In "The Insolent Breed" he is no longer tentative but has achieved the sureness of a skilful novelist. His language is apt and pungent. His characters have some of the qualities of folk myth, without ever losing their human attributes. Individual scenes are strikingly dramatic and blend together into an arresting narrative.

Through the whole book runs a lyric strain that might have come from Shade Motley's fiddle, whether he is playing "Roving Fiddler" or "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

SEARCH FOR STATUS: In Paule Marshall's first book, **"Brown Girl, Brownstones"** (Random House, $3.95), she writes with a passionate, compelling love of life. When the story begins, Selina Boyce is a child, living in Brooklyn, with her Barbadian parents. She loves her father deeply and suffers wildly when her mother uses all her will to wrench from him some of the security she has come to the States to find. But he is a dreamer, a romantic, and the mother, in her fury of love and anger, drives him to death. The growing child cannot forgive this, and she uses her keen intelligence to fight her mother, as well as to understand the conflicts within herself and the world about her.

This is not an easy task. Not only is she struggling against a white society but she is also trying to understand the status seeking of her own people. She is an alien in both instances. By intuition, suffering, determination she eventually comes to terms with herself as a young woman.

The story is filled richly with human beings. They all have the capacity to love, to make mistakes, to cling to some ideal of life. There is a great deal of ecstatic, and some painful love-making. The mothers in this story are all strong and tend to devour; most of them have a fervent realism which miscarries. The fathers are weak by design. The only criticism might be of Selina's lover, a bad artist, who has made himself unreal to himself and therefore, by an unfortunate progression, to the reader.

But this is a small criticism to set against an impressive accomplishment.

—HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER.

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Slippery Is the Social Climb

"Questions of Precedence," by François Mauriac; *translated by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 158 pp. $3.50), is the first English translation of an early Mauriac novel about the social aspirations of a Bordeaux family. Critic Anna Balakian, professor of French at New York University, is the author of "Literary Origins of Surrealism."*

By Anna Balakian

THIS early novel of François Mauriac presents a prototype familiar to French literature: the status seekers. Mauriac's *parvenus*, members of a family in the timber trade, who aspire to be accepted by the reigning houses of the wine magnates of Bordeaux, are neither ludicrous like Molière's "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme" nor tragic like Stendhal's Julien Sorel. The educated but weak-kneed brother who tells the story and his sister Florence, are neither comic nor pathetic in their "ambition to belong to the stupidest of all possible worlds," but Mauriac recounts their social rise and fall with an acrimonious wit and a sense of grim irony.

Unlike the better known of his long and distinguished gallery of characters, the nameless, unheroic young man who is the "I" of this novel relates his failures with lucidity rather than with torment, inviting the reader's contempt more than his pity. With her inherited wealth and her personal beauty Florence has bought through marriage social status for herself, her brother, and the aunt and uncle with whom they live. In the process of capturing one of the scions she has used as a foil Augustin, the poor, illegitimate son of a one-time distinguished theologian and heretic.

Born outside all castes, Augustin is the only independent spirit amidst class-conscious nonentities. Brilliant in his studies, he seems a romantic figure in whom can be found "a continuous murmur of all the poems of all the poets." But when, after an absence of twelve years, he reappears, it is only to reveal that the social outcast has developed no more stature as a human being than the social climbers he disdained.

Florence, after dabbling in literature, alcohol, and love, finally resorts to the occult sciences, while the brother, disappointed in himself and his fellow beings, arrives on the threshold of Christian salvation. Not quite as preoccupied with his sins as with the longing for spiritual fulfillment he reminds one at moments of Mauriac's future Ives Fontenac in his almost mystical feel for the sea.

—*Man Ray.*

François Mauriac—A remarkable timeliness.

The admirers of Mauriac must not expect to find here the bold strokes with which he has fashioned the heroes of his great novels. No character in this work has the dramatic magnitude either in sin or in redemption that has come to be recognized as the trademark of this distinguished novelist. But this miniature novel of the early 1920s has a seductive charm of understatement, and rich in the details of psychological truth, it possesses a remarkable timeliness.

GAME OF POLITICS: Wilfred Fienburgh, a thirty-eight-year-old British Labor Member of Parliament, was killed recently in a car accident, leaving a wife and four children. His personal tragic drama, occurring just before his book's publication, and his first-hand, uncompromisingly cynical revelation of British politics, must largely explain why **"No Love for Johnnie"** (Harper, $3.50) ran through several printings in its first month of publication in England.

I wish Fienburgh's life could have culminated in a brilliant novel. His book is not that, though in certain ways it comes close. It is compelling throughout, and its partial failure is artistic, and even that is seen only intellectually and in retrospect.

"No Love for Johnnie" concerns a brief period in the life of a forty-two-year-old M.P.; it has three themes. The first exposes parliamentary life, especially the hypocrisies around its party disciplines. All this is vital enough to create that sense of authority a writer radiates when he writes well of what he knows thoroughly. The second theme of lovelessness and loneliness is much more conventional. The wife, already a stranger, who leaves; the sight, through an alcoholic haze, of a showgirl's fading flesh; the brush with the prostitute; the affair with a twenty-year-old girl—these are at best stock materials.

The predictability is ponderous. When Johnnie's young girl calls to

SAVOY THEATRE
PROPRIETOR & MANAGER — R. D'OYLY CARTE
THE GONDOLIERS,
or the King of Barataria.
WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT. COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Facsimile of program for "The Gondoliers," 1889.

THE GAIETY OF OPENING NIGHT is recreated in **"The First Night: Gilbert and Sullivan"** (Heritage Press, $7.50), edited by Reginald Allen. Texts of fourteen operas, from "Thespis" of 1871 to the performance of "The Grand Duke" twenty-five years later, appear as they were originally presented, enriched with 200 illustrations from contemporary Victorian journals. And for those fanciers of verisimilitude, a set of facsimile first night programs has been included.

W. S. Gilbert muses while Sullivan plays.

The Yeomen: "I have a song to sing, O!"

"Tarantara," from "The Pirates of Penzance."

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suggest a morning meeting, and immediately another call reminds him that all depends on his being at the Commons that afternoon, I felt an uneasy, oppressive certainty: four pages later the inevitable proves inevitable.

Johnnie's own political progress is the theme handled with the least skill. The book begins with his slashing criticism of the political round, "meaningless as a formal tribal dance." Fair enough, then: Johnnie, incisive, with reliable standards, is fooled by nothing. Later his authority totters. Finally, with a still more crashing shift of gears, he becomes wholly a shabby, maudlin self-deceiver, an egocentric of purposeless ambition, without spine enough even to sustain cynicism. Only schizophrenia—for it certainly isn't development—can explain Johnnie. Masterfully cynical on politics, his naïveté would put the tolerant smile of worldliness on an adolescent. It's astonishing that these startling discords are not fatal, but Mr. Fienburgh is successfully savage and affectingly sad.

The recent writings by younger Britons have created a revolution, extending from Amis and Osborne through Braine and Tynan to Fienburgh and others. A liberation from Joyce and Virginia Woolf has occurred, and with it, a return to simple form, classical design, love of ideas, economy and concreteness of language. Writers bearing this stamp have been a long time coming, and it is this above all that makes Wilfred Fienburgh's death most bitter.

—Derek Colville.

LIGHT IN THE DARK: In a long and skilful chronicle, lighted by lyric scenes but fashioned for the most part of sentences as unpretentiously archaic and satisfying as handhewn beams, Norah Lofts in her novel, **"The Town House"** (Doubleday, $4.50), has told exactly how it was to live in the fifteenth century.

Martin Reed, who had started life accepting his lord's ownership of his body and soul, dares to fall in love, a privilege not for serfs. Though he does not protest his master's right to possess his bride on the wedding night, Martin is not prepared to give her up permanently. With incredible defiance he lifts his hand against his lord, and escapes, a hunted man. But he cannot, despite his ability and agonizing efforts, give his wife the safe life he promised her. She and their two sons meet a fate which has the effect on Martin's life—and the novel's structure—of a lightning bolt on a tree.

From this point, like new branches growing out of a mutilated trunk, other narrators take up the tale which ends with Martin's granddaughter, Maude, stepping into the role of chivalric heroine.

Along the way Miss Lofts solves in fascinating detail such small puzzles as how elegant ladies managed in castles without bathrooms. But she has larger purposes, such as showing the fifteenth century as a turning point in the lengthy road to civilization.

—Hope Hale.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 845

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 845 will be found in the next issue.

PCG'A ARBB FCLT

DTHRGPM ANRHT

MCSHXB DXLBAM; ANRF

KHBB SLTR ANR

DXLBA XGP GRZRT

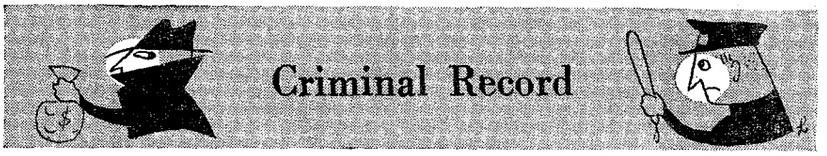
DCTWHZR FCL.

—BCWXG MOHAN.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 844

I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

—Lincoln.



THE EXPLOITS OF TOMMY HAMBLEDON. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $3.95. Omnibus reciting adventures of British intelligence ace includes "Drink to Yesterday" (1940), "A Toast to Tomorrow" (1941), and "Alias Uncle Hugo" (1952). Scene: England, France, West and East Germany. Sprightly cloak-and-daggerism.

PRELUDE TO MURDER. *By Anthony Gilbert. Random House.* $2.95. Aged English widower, fearing worst, summons Arthur Crook, solicitor who dabbles in detection; two die anyway. Neatly intricate, with manageable and credible cast.

MISS PINKERTON: Adventures of a Nurse Detective. *By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Rinehart.* $3.95. Four yarns (two short: "The Buckled Bag" and "Locked Doors"—two full-length: "Miss Pinkerton" and "Haunted Lady") dating from 1914 to 1942 make up this attractive auld-lang-syne omnibus starring Hilda Adams, R.N., and Inspector George L. Patton.

SEVEN STEPS EAST. *By Ben Benson. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Massachusetts State Police rookie vanishes while looking into Cape Cod gambling setup; Trooper Ralph Lindsey turns up killer in usual sound performance. . . . Ben Benson, commanding a machine-gun squad in the Battle of the Bulge, was gravely wounded and underwent prolonged hospitalization. He began writing while a convalescent, and developed an assured mastery of the semi-documentary detective novel. He died in New York April 29th at the age of forty-five. "Seven Steps East" was his sixteenth book. His publishers inform us that his two final books (two novelettes in one package, and a full-length) will be published in 1960.

DANGEROUS PASSENGER. *By Thomas Walsh. Little, Brown.* $3.50. Dennie Malone, traffic manager for big-town hacking outfit, loops the loop when driver is murdered; missing briefcase a factor; lady librarian provides romantic element. Whimsical.

THE LATE LAMENTED. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $2.95. Ed and Am Hunter, Chicago nephew-and-uncle peeper team, look into death of suburban city treasurer suspected of lifting 46 Gs; latter's daughter is interested (and interesting) party. Sharp and brisk.

TARGET: Mike Shayne. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Rufous-pated Miami eye plays hunted to nab hunter; wheel chair becomes ultimate weapon; Secretary Lucy Hamilton ("Angel") swings mean purse. Thirty-fourth case for wonder boy of Biscayne Bay belt.

MALICE MATRIMONIAL. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. Callow English lad is swept into wedlock and fatherhood and tires of both; lady vanishes opportunely; copse and corpse present, but only one cop (Inspector Feenix). Pure formula.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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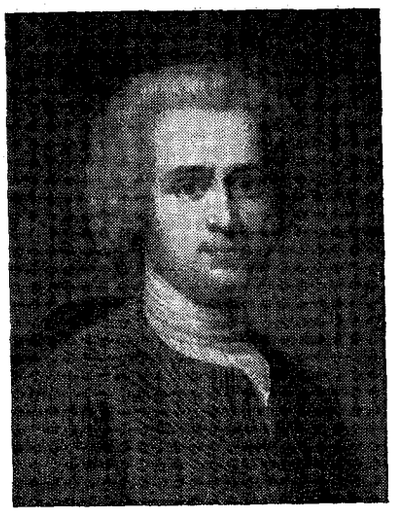
RELIGION

The Thought of Two Centuries



From Rousseau, the *litterateur*

—Bettmann Archive.

. . . to Ritschl, the theologian

"Protestant Thought: From Rousseau to Ritschl," by Karl Barth *(Harper. 435 pp. $7), includes eleven essays in which the distinguished theologian discusses those thinkers whose works have affected his own thought. Henry P. Van Dusen, who has written many studies of religion, is the president of Union Theological Seminary.*

By Henry P. Van Dusen

VISITORS to Karl Barth's study in Basle have reported their amazement to discover its walls dominated by two large photographs, one of Mozart, the other of Schleiermacher. Barth's admiration for Mozart, verging on veneration, is well known; it furnishes the theme for his contribution to the recently published *"Festschrift"* in honor of Paul Tillich. There Barth proudly confesses that "for years and years" each day's labor on the great *"Dogmatik"* has been preceded by a period with Mozart's music. But Schleiermacher! Was he not the "Father of Modern Theology," the fountain-source of most of the aberrations which Karl Barth has devoted a lifetime of labor to expose and confute? Is not Schleiermacher cast in a satanic role as *bête noire* of Neo-orthodox protest and whippingboy of its polemic? If the astonished visitor is bold enough to voice his surprise, his host may reply indulgently, "Schleiermacher—he is the father of us all!"

Each picture is symbolic: Mozart of Barth's wide-ranging culture, and also of an unsuspected sentiment which is close to sentimentality. Schleiermacher, as evidence that the picture of Barth as an extreme and dogmatic rebel against his own intellectual and theological heritage, is a caricature, indeed the direct obverse of the truth.

Of the latter, much-needed corrective of the all too familiar caricature of Karl Barth, this volume is the definitive proof. It consists of eleven essays, originally lectures in his classroom at Bonn a quarter-century ago, drawn from a more inclusive German work. An introductory diagnosis of "Man in the Eighteenth Century" provides the setting and connecting theme for a critical exposition of ten representative thinkers of that and the following centuries.

Professor Jaroslav Pelikan, in an admirable introduction to this American edition, fastens upon two qualities which inform the entire book. First, the reach of Barth's interest and the breadth of his erudition are suggested in his choice of subjects, which includes not only the theologians Herder, Schleiermacher, and Ritschl, but the philosophers Kant and Hegel, and also the poet Novalis, the *litterateur* Rousseau, and the sociologist Fuerbach. And the same immense learning which illumines every page of his "Church Dogmatics" with apt and acute comments upon the whole corpus of classical Christian theology appears here. Second, perhaps the most unexpected features of a survey which ranges over such diverse minds are the "depth of his understanding" and the sympathy of his interpretation. There could be no more impressive witness to the real greatness of this man of strong and militant convictions than his disciplined determination to get inside minds and spirits so utterly different and uncongenial to his own. Only in the case of Ritschl is the treatment cursory and perfunctory. One can imagine a heavenly conclave of most of these intellectual giants, who would have found it difficult to agree on anything on earth, vying with one another to pay amazed and grateful tribute: "Karl Barth has understood me perfectly!"

The importance and value of this work are twofold. First, as an introduction to the thought of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is certainly one of the most enlightening and stimulating single volumes. Here its interest is in no sense limited to theologians but is for all who delight in the history of ideas and seek illumination on their own intellectual ancestry. These lectures must have excited Barth's students at Bonn and sent them scurrying to read the subjects' own writings; they may render a similar service to American readers of today.

Lastly, however, "Protestant Thought" is important as an indispensable introduction to the most powerful and influential theological mind of this century. This is the place to begin acquaintance with Karl Barth. Indeed, if one holds, as does this reviewer, that the obligatory prerequisite to understanding any man's thought is some knowledge of his intellectual biography—a thesis brilliantly vindicated by Barth himself in this book—then here is the *sine qua non* for discussions, not to speak of criticism, of Karl Barth. Any serious student must wish to follow the pilgrimage which formed and determined Barth's mind; now it can be made under his guidance. Doubtless the most immediate result will be a richer and profounder understanding of the movements of thought which have, largely unrecognized, molded the contemporary mind. But for many readers, an unintended by-product may well be enthusiastic friendship for the mind of the guide; for some, perhaps, even conversion to his discipleship.

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Penetrating a Prejudice Barrier

"Ancient Judaism and the New Testament," by Frederick C. Grant *(Macmillan. 155 pp. $3.50), attempts to clarify the numerous misconceptions concerning the early relationship between Judaism and Christianity. Roland B. Gittelsohn, Rabbi of Temple Israel in Boston, is the president of the Massachusetts Board of Rabbis.*

By Roland B. Gittelsohn

WHEN all possible explanations of anti-Semitism have been projected on psychological, sociological, and economic grounds, the phenomenon of animosity towards the Jews remains a mystery until inquiry is directed toward its religious roots within Christianity. It is this religious dimension that distinguishes anti-Semitism from all other forms of intergroup prejudice. Indeed, there are those who believe religious doctrine to be the primary cause of anti-Semitism among Christians.

In "Ancient Judaism and the New Testament," Frederick C. Grant protests vigorously the distortion and misrepresentation of first-century Judaism by official church doctrine. He writes: "The simple, unmistakable, undeniable fact is that Christianity originated as a movement within the ancient Jewish religion . . ." He insists, moreover, that "one cannot truly understand the New Testament or the religion it enshrines without a deep and sympathetic understanding of Judaism."

These are brave and noble words, especially coming from a Christian Professor of Theology. They are well documented. Dr. Grant shows how the entire nature of Pharisaic Judaism has been misunderstood by Christendom. He calls Pharisaism "one of the noblest religious movements in all history. . . . What Jesus criticized and rejected was the very thing the best of the Pharisees criticized and rejected."

Corollary to Christian contempt for the Pharisees is the notion that ancient Judaism was an outworn, moribund faith—a prelude, so to speak, to Christianity—which should have perished gracefully once the new faith emerged. This too Dr. Grant protests with impressive forcefulness. He rightly characterizes it as a foil for Christianity, a perversion of truth about Judaism for the purpose of making Christianity appear to be superior. The fact is that "ancient Judaism . . . was no moribund faith, steeped in formalism, superstition, or hypocrisy, as is often assumed by ignorant and belligerent protagonists of certain types of Christianity." Here, this reviewer suspects, we come close to the crux of religiously motivated anti-Semitism. If only Christian theologians could, like Dr. Grant, achieve security enough to let church doctrine stand on its own very real merit without resort to invidious and inaccurate comparison! If only Christianity and Judaism could be understood, not as one faith supplanting another, but as two divergent branches—both still very much alive — emanating from a single trunk.

—From "Masterpieces from Doré."

Moses breaking the Tables of the Law.

Out of careful Biblical research this volume traces the specifics in terms of which early Christianity represented not a break from but a development of ancient Judaism. Its concept of Scripture was similar. The church as an institution closely resembled the synagogue. The forms and materials of worship were related. There was close approximation in many of the ethical values of the two. It is possible, of course, to carry the parallels too far—to ignore the very real differences between Judaism and Christianity. The important case made here is for recognition of similar origins and of valid distinctions, without resort to claims of exclusive superiority.

One of Dr. Grant's keenest insights is his perception of the immense harm perpetrated on Christianity itself by its distortions of Judaism. Speaking of "the intense hatred and bigotry which for long centuries have scorned everything in Judaism as false, hypocritical, and valueless," he concludes: "The consequences . . . for the helpless victims, have been bad enough; but the consequences for Christians, in the interpretation of their own sacred books, have been all but disastrous." Among these latter consequences he places a "Christocentric type of Christianity," which threatens to displace God, and a neo-orthodoxy that is "agnostic since God is unknown and really cannot be known," and is "amoral, since it has nothing to say about duty but only about sin." Both of these aberrations could be averted, he believes, if Christianity would acquire deeper understanding of its essential origins in Judaism.

DR. GRANT'S presentation is not without its unfortunate flaws. There is a tendency to indulge in homiletical discursions, sometimes with little relevance to the main theme. Occasionally, the New Testament is quoted as documentation for ancient Jewish belief on a point where Christianity had already departed rather widely from the Jewish tradition. It would be difficult to substantiate the claim that salvation "is by divine grace, as much in the Old Testament as in the New." Or that Judaism "made forgiveness much too simple and too easy to obtain." From time to time, moreover, Dr. Grant comes perilously close to the very confusion he seeks to dispel, as when he refers to Christianity as "the end and climax" or "the final stage" of man's religious development.

One hesitates to cavil on relatively minor points, however, when the over-all effort is so praiseworthy. This is a charge which Christian leadership has long needed. It deepens the desire for interfaith cooperation far below the level of its usual shallowness. It offers hope of genu-

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ine understanding both to Judaism and Christianity. "It would not necessarily lead to the Kingdom of God; but at least our faces might be turned in that direction once more."

STRICTLY BUSINESS: F. Ernest Johnson and J. Emory Ackerman have made an informative study in **"The Church As Employer, Money Raiser and Investor"** (Harper, $4). Tables in the back of the book give an interesting analysis of what some of the major denominations pay their clergy. The book opens with a discussion entitled, "How well does the Church pay its workers?" Pension plans, personnel policies, money raising, investing, and investments follow in order. You don't have to read very many pages or know much about the Church to discover quite soon that its clergy and employees are, for the most part, notoriously underpaid; nor do you have to know much about the Church to realize that many of its financial policies, especially its money-raising techniques and some of its investments, leave a great deal to be desired. In fact, rather than leading society, far too often the Church follows and imitates some of society's worst business practices.

The observance of petty morality, such as the generally shunned purchase of liquor stocks, hardly offsets the "strictly business" approach of the bulk of the Church's "financiers." Most disconcerting in the entire study is the assertion or implication on page after page that the Church, long suspected of not practicing what it preaches, is doing just that. As a matter of fact, few institutions—with the possible exception of political parties, which are a unique sociological phenomenon in themselves—make more pronouncements on various social, political, and economic problems knowing less about the peculiar issues involved than does the Church. There is the added damnation of knowing that blessed few of its clergy and laity will take seriously what it has been saying as a corporate entity. This was one of the authors' conclusions when they wrote, "a major finding of the study is that to a disturbing extent the churches and their various agencies take less seriously their corporate responsibilities than their official announcements on social and economic problems give the community a right to expect."

I would suggest you don't read the book if the Church has antagonized you; it will only confirm your suspicions and hostilities. But if you happen to be among those who feel the Church still has a piece of work to do, by all means read this study and try to implement its suggestions.

Messrs. Johnson and Ackerman haven't told us much most of us didn't know, but they have brought a much needed area of the Church's experience back into focus again.

—JOSEPH D. HUNTLEY.

—Bettmann Archive.

WORDS TO THE ZOMBIES: The final volume in the Know Your Faith Series, **"I Believe in Man,"** by Frederick Keller Stamm (Abingdon Press, $1.50), is a ringing affirmation of the goodness potential in man, despite the manmade horrors with which our daily lives are surrounded. Dr. Stamm, who has long been one of the outstanding voices in liberal Christianity, sets forth his faith that man is a person whose individual life has a unique significance which only each individual can bring to realization. Every human life is relevant; every deed is definitive. Each man is far more important than he thinks—to himself, to other men, to society, to history, to the future, to the universe, to the vast mystery which unites all disparate parts, the One in whom the many mingle.

Man is important because he can know the truth of life. He can fathom the nature of the universe and find his way through to the essence of existence. He can discover God's law, and, in personal communion with God, give himself to its realization in his own life and in the society whose larger life he shares. Further, he can do battle with evil and overcome it with the accumulating, all-overcoming power of the goodness that is at all times potential within him.

Dr. Stamm presents an arduous faith—one our age desperately needs. Our Western world tends more and more to become a world of materialist-minded automatons, lost souls who have no sense of life's meaning or mission, who can absorb, in the manner trained by movie, radio, and TV, but cannot give; who fail more and more to be able even to manage the ancient art of communication. It is a summons to today's well-dressed zombies (bodies without souls) to rediscover their true selves.

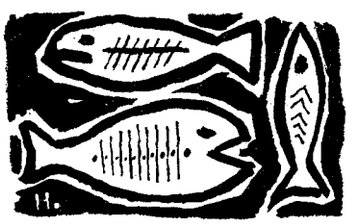
—DONALD HARRINGTON.

PERSONAL GIFTS: "Pope John XXIII," by Zsolt Aradi, Msgr. James I. Tucek, and James C. O'Neill (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.95), conveys more fully than any other biography the achievements of Angelo Roncalli's diplomatic career. For this reason, the book justifies its subtitle, "An Authoritative Biography." Four chapters are the joint work of Monsignor Tucek and Mr. O'Neill (both journalists stationed in Rome). Mr. Aradi, an authority on modern Church history, contributes the remaining five. This is close to authorship by committee, and the arrangement results, inevitably, in some turgidness.

Previous biographies of Pope John have tended to emphasize his personality, scanting the events through which that personality best emerges. Here Archbishop Roncalli's major successes in diplomacy's delicate art provide the focus. Monsignor Roncalli was forty-four, a desk man in Rome, so to speak, when he was made an archbishop and appointed Apostolic Visitor to Bulgaria. He arrived in Sofia a few days after the assassination of the prime minister. Thus began his twenty years in the Byzantine world.

Archbishop Roncalli's exhaustive knowledge of the Church fathers, gained as scholar and teacher, doubtless prepared him for the historic subtleties that lay behind the duties of his posts in Sofia, later in Istanbul, and Athens, but his accomplishments may be attributed even more to his rare personal gifts. In Greece, for example, his tact made possible the saving of thousands of lives through his persuading German and Italian occupation authorities and the blockading British to permit shipments of wheat. Everywhere he went, as this book convincingly shows, the grievances and suspicions of centuries gave way under his simplicity, disarming directness, and manifest charity.

—RILEY HUGHES.



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Straws in the Thaw

THE MOST important single fact emerging for me from a visit to the Soviet Union is that Communist leaders have made an historic and profound revision of Marxist theory dealing with the nature of capitalism.

Few ideas in Marx are more fundamental than the belief that war is inherent in the nature of capitalist society. This belief has now been discarded by leading Soviet thinkers and planners. It is now held that Marx had no way of anticipating the vast new changes in the world complex a century after his death. Consequently, Soviet philosophers see no ideological or historical obstacles in the way of an accommodation with the capitalistic West.

Whenever I would meet with Marxist philosophers or Party officials, I would put this question:

"Your government has proclaimed peace as its central objective. If you are talking about peace not as a temporary expedient but as a basic long-range condition in human society, then you must believe such peace to be not only *desirable* but *possible*. Yet how can you believe that peace is possible if you accept Marx's idea that war is inevitable in the nature of capitalism? The peace, if it is to be made at all, will have to be made with capitalist nations. Even if you can be convinced that the present leaders of the West sincerely want peace, don't you have to proceed on the basis of the fact that war will come in line with Marxian interpretation?"

And each time the reply would take this general form:

"There have been several major revisions or modifications of Marx in the history of the Soviet Union. The first was undertaken by Lenin himself when he proclaimed that it was not necessary to establish socialism on a world scale in order that socialism could exist in a single nation. Another profound change has come about under Chairman Khruschshev. This has to do with the relations of the socialist society of the Soviet Union to capitalist societies. We have examined most studiously the question you have raised concerning the fact that Marx believed that war is inherent in the nature of capitalism. We believe this idea must be discarded. Marx had no way of foretelling the nature of twentieth-century warfare. Nor could he foretell the changes that would come about inside capitalism."

I also gained the impression that Soviet leaders have given up the notion that all they had to do was sit back and wait for Marxist theory to assert itself about the inevitability of the economic collapse of capitalism. The two or three recessions of the past ten years may have produced a flurry of Marxist expectancy, but the setbacks never developed into the full-formed depressions in accordance with Marxian ideas of negative economic chain reactions. The present Soviet leaders have not discarded their hopes that capitalism will eventually run into a storm of 1929 proportions; it is just that they have grown tired of sitting around and waiting for it to happen.

(Parenthetically, we might also observe that a parallel modification in American thinking with respect to the collapse of Soviet society seems to be taking place. Inherent in the policy of containment was the notion that if the West could hold fast long enough and keep the Soviet from expanding, internal pressures inside the Soviet Union might build up in impressive proportions. Today, however, few officials in our government, whether in the White House or the State Department, any longer expect that the Russian people will rise up and overthrow the present regime. Present policy is based on the belief that the Russian people support their government and, indeed, will resist outside efforts to unseat it.)

The emergence of these various ideological or policy modifications in the opposing camps may be more than the result of stalemate fatigue. It may be a real recognition of changed circumstances, the most basic of which is that the rivalry between the USA and the USSR is now less ideological than national. Capitalism in the U.S. today is far from being the monopolistic, predatory affair it was when Marx wrote about it. Meanwhile, the economy of the Soviet Union has developed into what is essentially national capitalism, utilizing material rewards for high production, which in turn is resulting in varying standards of living. But the confrontation of the U.S. and USSR continues—largely because of the anarchy in the international field, producing an old-fashioned balance-of-power struggle.

Along with this goes the fact that victory is no longer possible in military terms. If the Soviet Union is to become pre-eminent in the world, its leaders believe they must do so in the non-nuclear arena. They believe this pre-eminence can be achieved at precisely the point that the Soviet enjoys a position of leadership among the majority of the world's peoples. Hence the need to clear the way, ideologically and otherwise, for the non-military showdown coming up.

The consequences of unpreparedness on the non-military front for the United States could be as costly as any military defeat. Yet the U.S. is not now adequately prepared for the challenge confronting us. We have grown fat on starchy illusions—the illusion that nuclear stockpiles can give us security; the illusion that our personal accumulations can give us persuasive access to millions of people who are in a mood of upheaval. Not what we own but what we give will be the measure of our preparedness for the test that faces us. And giving is not merely divesting. It has to do with offering the best that is in us and with the pursuit of a great idea in which all can share, the idea that this world and its resources can be rescued from anarchy and made congenial for life in human form.

N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IF THEY WIN THE BATTLE

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL [*SR* August 8] alleges that "in 1579, Sir Francis Drake had sailed the southern part of the state (Oregon) and had named it New Albion."

Neither in 1579 nor since has Oregon possessed a shadow of a claim to Marin County, California, where Drake landed in that year. True, he sailed the coast. But New Albion was named in sight of the white cliffs of our Point Reyes Peninsula, a future National Seashore park and historic monument if some of us win a current campaign.

FRED GUNSKY.

Mill Valley, Calif.

COOK AND OTTERS

IN HORACE SUTTON'S article, the author refers to Captain Cook as being busy with the sea otter trade off the coast of the State of Washington in the year 1778. As a matter of fact, Captain Cook's voyage to this region of the Pacific Coast had nothing directly to do with the sea otter trade. He was sent there by the British Government to try to find the western entrance to the Northwest Passage. It is true that some of his officers on this expedition discovered the possibilities of the sea otter trade and returned later.

W. E. GREENING.

Montreal, Canada.

ANOTHER MORGAN

YOUR ISSUE OF August 15th has just come to hand, and in the PHOENIX NEST I am glad to see again a piece by Henry Morgan, entitled "Your Friend, The Bow-Wow."

I recall a few issues back when all sorts of uncomplimentary letters were written about Henry and his dissertation on cats. One I remember even asked, who is Henry Morgan?

I hope his latest piece will elicit even more letters, pro or con—Henry won't care—since I believe the wit of Henry Morgan has not been given nearly enough prominence. To me, and my wife, he is one of the funniest persons we have ever listened to.

FRANK A. MOUNTFORD.

Fort Eustis, Va.

RAINING CATS AND DOGS

I LIKE CATS. I like Henry Morgan. I read Helen Cowley's letter to the editor [*SR* July 11]. Henry: It's the ladies—not the cats.

MARIE HAAS.

Flushing, N. Y.

ADDRESS IN MOSCOW

NC's "ADDRESS IN MOSCOW" [*SR* July 25] deserves reprinting. Will reprints be available?

J. F. MONTGOMERY.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of Mr. Cousins's article, "An Address in Moscow," are available at the following rates: 1 to 25, 15 cents each; 26 to 100, 10 cents each; 101 to 500, 7 cents each; and 501 or more, 6 cents each.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I know we're behind schedule, Your Majesty—but Mrs. Cheops keeps changing her mind about her burial chamber. We've had to rebuild it five times."

NEEDS SOME FERVOR

ISN'T IT IRONIC that Granville Hicks, writing about the new edition of "The Elements of Style," by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White [*SR* Aug. 11], didn't catch enough fervor to blue-pencil his own copy a bit more closely? In the first sentence he says, "so as to be understood." In the next paragraph he says, "so as not to be understood." And still further along he says, "in order to get it." What, in the name of clarity or simplicity, is added by "so as" or "in order"? He does say, "the language is always slipping into *imprecision*." But he really needn't have proved it with his own words.

HAL BORLAND.

Salisbury, Conn.

DUBIOUS AND TRIVIAL

ANYONE WHO WRITES a piece on writing lays himself open to attack. I am pleased that Mr. Borland is able to offer only dubious and at best trivial criticisms of my prose.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Grafton, N. Y.

SUBMERGED

MR. FULLER IS too modest in his appraisal of his poems [*SR* Aug. 1]; they compare favorably with many that appear in *SR* and are certainly above the average of amateur verse today. As for meaning—just immerse or submerge yourself in the poem until the meaning comes to you, a piece of advice recently offered in *SR*.

As I have been exposed during the past ten years to a great variety of verse from women who want to "express themselves," I feel that he has been carried away by his sympathy for his fictionally inept Emily Dickinson. She would be more likely to have respect for grammar and verse form, and also content. No, the petty tyrant of today who practises tyranny under the name of poetry may not break the laws of God, but the laws of man (grammar) and metre are certainly broken, and the result defended hotly.

This is in no way a defense of the vanity publisher, with whom I have no contact, and of whom I do not really approve, but when I think of the probable use of that "slim volume"—thrust on friends, read aloud on the faintest of excuses, or none, waved at program chairmen with demands that the contents be read at meetings—I feel that it doesn't cost half enough.

Really, I enjoyed his article greatly, and several of my friends have spoken of it warmly. As to the effect on poets? I'd almost be willing to make a small wager that it will bring manuscripts to such publishers.

MARGARET WOODRUFF.

Montclair, N. J.

PERSON TO PERSON

THE SUGGESTION in the letter from Grace Petty [*SR* July 25] that *Saturday Review* readers in given areas find means of communicating with one another sounds excellent to me.

EMILY SANDERS.

Charleston, S. C.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bayreuth's New "Dutchman"

BAYREUTH.

THE FIRST ACT of Wieland Wagner's new "Hollaender" production is worth the long trip to the cheerless festival city of Bayreuth, which seems to become less attractive even as the years go by. Damp climate, bad food, mediocre hotels, and friendly citizens who take a dim view of the Festival. "It costs us a lot of money," a malcontent taxpayer said to me. He might have added that it also brings in a lot of money. Unfortunately the Bayreuth Festival seems to develop into a summer summit meeting of *Wirtschaftswunder* tycoons who are made to go there by their status-seeking wives and because there's always a chance to talk business and make deals during the hour-long intermissions. The Met's Sherry's is an orphanage compared to Weigelschmidt's festival restaurant on the Green Hill, which features lobster, *Kassler Rippenspeer*, veal steak "Bayreuth" and Rheingold Trocken (a liquid, not an opera) on a card with the photographs of artists and VIPs (the largest photograph is Knappertsbusch's, followed by Wieland Wagner's and Leonie Rysanek's).

But back to the "Hollaender," this year's new production. As the curtain rose, Daland's sailors were on the deck of their ship, crowded in two concentric circles on the right and left side, hanging on visible ropes, pulling in invisible sails. Between them, in front and center of the stage, was the ship's large steering wheel directly facing the audience. The deck seemed to extend into the auditorium and thus the audience became part of the crew. This time there was no round disc on the stage, the mood was realistic and the props—ropes, trap doors, chests, railings—were genuine. The sailors swayed so realistically that some ladies in the audience thought they were getting seasick. Daland, a grotesque comical figure with a top hat, a striped suit, and a bottle of rum in his hand, looked like a parody of John Bull.

The noisy mood changed abruptly as the steersman went to sleep and the Hollaender's ghost ship appeared, an enormous blood-red bow with a cross-like mast, towering high above Daland's ship. The Hollaender sings his monologue standing motionless with outstretched arms below the cross in the semi-darkness, a fantastic vision of a crucified Ahasver. It's a long way from Daland's noisy ship to this surrealistic ghost world, but Wieland Wagner manages to blend the two of them into fascinating unity. No doubt this act belongs to the finest things Wieland Wagner has done.

After the sustained tension of the first act, the *Spinnstube* is a let-down. Twenty-eight full-bosomed maidens on both sides of the stage turn large

George London (left) with Wieland Wagner — "one of the great performances of his career."

spinning wheels; they are loud and vulgar, their dresses and gestures make you think of Breughel. In front of them sits Senta, slim and lovely, a striking contrast. She isn't brooding and when she hums the Hollaender motiv, it's more like a sigh; she is *entrueckt*, staring at an enormous portrait of the Hollaender that hangs in front of the stage. But after the tense atmosphere of the first act the homely mood is disenchanting. Yet it is in this act with its pseudo-Rossinisms where Wieland Wagner shows his great skill. He plays down Daland's absurd monologues by letting him dance around with some jewels in his hands, a greedy drunkard who doesn't mind selling his only child to the highest bidder. There are great moments in the beautiful duet between Senta and the Hollaender. Though the two are separated by the width of the stage, emotional tension between them is so strong that they seem to be in each other's arms.

The third act opens with the noisy dance of Daland's men, each carrying a bottle of (Dutch) beer in his hand while the women look on from high up. The Hollaender's ghost crew is not the usually invisible backstage chorus; they come onstage, two closely knitted rows of ghostlike figures, swaying like men on a death march, macabre in black suits, with bald, skeletonlike, luminous heads, inmates of a floating concentration camp.

Naturalism prevails up to the very end. The Hollaender overhears the last scene between Senta and Erik (who makes his desperate outcry believable) and when Senta runs up the stairway and from there jumps into darkness and the sea, the Hollaender, redeemed at last, collapses on the pier, and dies in front of the audience. No symbolic sun rays appear on the cyclorama. The curtain falls. I wished it had fallen a few seconds earlier. It would have been better not to have to see the Hollaender's demise. Do we have to watch him stretched out on the stage like Scarpia or Boris? Old Hollaenders shouldn't die, they should just fade away.

For the first time since 1951, when Hotter and Moedl dominated the new "Ring," this was a new production with two stars of world class on the stage. George London gives one of the great performances of his career as the Wandering Christ; he sings the enormously difficult part with sustained emotion and great nobility. Senta is said to be one of Miss Rysanek's favorite parts. She was completely believable as Wagner's favorite heroine, the woman in love who gives herself completely. No one but Josef Greindl, the intelligent singing actor, could have made Wieland Wagner's new Daland believable, a robust character, though vocally no longer tops. The rest of the cast (Res Fischer as Mary, Fritz Uhl as Erik, George Paskudas as steersman) were disappointing. But the chorus (coached by Wilhelm Pitz) was wonderful and strong, and the orchestra, welded together from the best musicians of both Germanys, sounded as if it had played together for twenty years, not twenty days. Wolfgang Sawallisch brought out both the dramatic and the romantic elements in the music.

This was definitely Wieland Wagner's show, and it will be his last for a while. He has now staged all of Grandfather's works and wants to sit back and gain a little distance. Next year Wolfgang, the far less gifted brother, will restage the "Ring," perhaps with old decorations. It will be an interesting experiment. One must admit that there is never a dull moment in Bayreuth.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Show of Magic

THE ASTONISHING Swedish director, Ingmar Bergman, is up to several more of his tricks in "The Magician," a faintly dizzying mixture of the macabre, the comic, the mystical, and the supernatural. If not quite so enigmatic as the same director's "The Seventh Seal," it nevertheless has puzzling overtones, moments that are poetic in intent, other moments that are the sheerest farce. Like others of his films, it is darkly, moodily, beautifully photographed; it compels and fascinates; and it is also strangely, unexpectedly charming, for such Gothic material as he has chosen. Bergman has the closest thing to a stock company of actors as are presently employed in films. Prominent in "The Magician" are several of the expert Swedish actors who have successfully peopled his previous movies. If you are in the habit of following Bergman films (a very "in" thing to do at the moment, although, I suspect an "out" thing to mention) you will recognize their names if not, in every case, their faces.

Max von Sydow, for instance, the chess-playing knight of "The Seventh Seal," and a filling station attendant in "Wild Strawberries," is this time seen in the title role. He is an itinerant magician, a hypnotist, and faith-healer, and has actually two faces—the one of the professional charlatan, the other of his unmasked, more commonplace self. (The original title translates somewhat loosely to "The Face," and probably refers to the former—which has the look of a poetic criminal, a satanic priest, a demagogue, a corrupt saint. It is, at any rate, a splendid, haunting makeup that von Sydow, or rather Vogler, the magician, adopts.) Slightly more recognizable is Ingrid Thulin, who we first see masquerading as the magician's male assistant and who turns out to be his wife. In the cast, too, is that Bergman stalwart, the remarkable Gunnar Bjornstrand, as Doctor Vergerus; Bibi Andersson, the delightful young girl in "Wild Strawberries," as a coquettish servant; and Toivo Pawlo, as a pompous chief of police. But these are only a few of a fascinating group Bergman has brought together in a tale that describes twenty-four hours in the lives of the members of the Vogler Magic Health Theatre troupe, on its way from Denmark to Sweden something more than a hundred years ago.

The coach carrying the party (which includes Vogler's witch of a grandmother, and a soddenly drunk, near dead actor Vogler has rescued from a swamp) is stopped at a tollgate; the troupe is escorted without ceremony to the house of the rich Mr. Egerman, and to settle a wager, Vogler is asked to put on a performance. Has he supernatural gifts or hasn't he? The chief of police, one of the guests, is threatening—Vogler's faith-healing and hypnotic practises got them in trouble in Denmark—and Dr. Vergerus is rudely challenging. It is on him that Vogler concentrates both his demonstration and revenge.

It is an eerie night that everyone spends. In the servants quarters the grandmother distributes love potions and utters dire prophesies; the young coachman is seduced by the servant girl; the manager of the troupe is taken in hand by the housekeeper. Upstairs, Mr. Egerman's wife, a hysteric, sees in the magician's false face a mystical understanding of her torments. The alcoholic actor dies in Vogler's arms, the grandmother sings a young girl to sleep with a weird song, lightning flickers and thunder crashes in true Gothic style. The face of Vogler in the privacy of his bedroom turns out to be ordinary, fretful over the hard life of a magician and the test he has to face the next day.

VOGLER prepares for the edification of his hosts no mean display of parlor tricks, but "proves" his powers to the extent of arranging, seemingly, his own death and resurrection. Mesmer's discoveries were not widely known at the time, and the tricks of hypnotism are effective on everyone but the scientific skeptic, Dr. Vergerus. It is the 1840s, after all, and God and the supernatural are under attack. But it is the artist in Vogler who is incensed the most by Dr. Vergerus, and the doctor is given a lesson in the diabolical. At the end of his ordeal he is scared half to death, but his skepticism is unshaken. Vogler, who has tried to surpass himself, has failed, and must beg and grovel.

Bergman provides no easy answers to the puzzles he has concocted, although the "mysteries" themselves are easily explainable. In fact, they are at times made transparent, and be-

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come part of the ghoulish fun. Bergman may be saying that the face of the charlatan appeals to something primitive in man's nature; Vogler may represent the diseased Christ figure, the artist, the illusionist; the overtones for these speculations are all there. Oddly enough, our sympathy is constantly directed toward Vogler himself, and here perhaps is the clue. Vogler, in spite of the fact that he is a trickster, becomes aware that he may have, momentarily, the very powers he pretends to have. Inventing the unexplainable for his audience, he glimpses the irrational, and is haunted by it. Vogler's, then, is the spirit of modern man, Bergman seems to say, inventing miracles, and facing an abyss.

WHATEVER message for us there is in the story, Bergman makes sure that it ends properly, as a good story should.

Vogler is granted his moment of triumph and recognition, and Bergman closes on a fanfare of trumpets, on a farcical note that seems to say that a motion picture director is, after all, merely an illusionist himself, a charlatan with a clever bag of tricks. But Bergman is an artist, and whatever he does is done with artistry, and with a feel for truth. It may be a sideshow he has given us this time, but what an absorbing one he has prepared for all who enter his magic tent. A remarkable movie indeed, from the most remarkable director extant. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Tribune

Continued from page 9

also our policy to develop bright young men, and these came in droves. It is sometimes said that I "trained" dozens of these young people. This is not quite accurate. I may have helped them in spots, but most of them were good to begin with. All they needed was a chance.

It was these eager, intelligent, and unterrified youngsters who gave the paper its distinctive flavor, a flavor which made it readable to a literate Tammany boss, a college president, and the more brainy taxicab drivers. We had no particular "policy" in the handling of news except this: "New York is the most fascinating city in the world. Let's tell about it." And they told about it. Many names come to mind at once—Joseph Alsop, Sanderson Vanderbilt, Tom Sugrue, Ben Robertson, St. Clair McKelway, Tom Waring, John O'Reilly, Homer Bigart, John Lardner, Jack Gould, James T. Flexner, Lincoln Barnett, Bruce Pinter, Maron Simon, Beverly Smith, Joseph Mitchell, Joel Sayre—but there were many others. Though many years have passed, and some of these men are long since dead, I can recall in detail dozens of distinguished stories which these men wrote. What a brilliant, gallant troop of journalistic cavalrymen! If you don't believe me, take a day off and go through the old files.

We sensed, in a vague way, that we were somehow "competing" with *The New York Times*, but this fact didn't bother us. I have always had good friends on the *Times*, and I respect the paper, being a right-thinking American. However, in action, we were not at all cowed by the massed tank forces of that noble paper. Our attitude toward the *Times* may be summed up in the advice which that canny thinker, Jack Kearns, gave to his man Jack Dempsey just before the bell rang for the fight with Jess Willard on July 4, 1919. Said Mr. Kearns: "Jack, this fellow has nothing but a long left arm which he sticks out like a telegraph pole. Ignore it." No, we didn't entirely ignore the *Times*, but the idea was there.

ONE of my first revealing glimpses into the bedrock character of the management of the *Herald Tribune* came quite early in 1928. A man from the advertising department, whom I knew well, came to my desk and asked me to print a little item which, he said, would be "of great help." It was nothing but a puff for an advertiser—not particularly outrageous, but nevertheless wrong. I turned him down, we had an argument, and I finally asked the moocher to go away and stop annoying me. Then I looked around and perceived that Howard Davis, the tough little cigar-chomping statesman who at that time was general manager of the paper, had heard the whole exchange. I was not sure just what his reaction would be. I need not have wondered. Mr. Davis was straight:

"Good for you! I heard it all. But next time you needn't be so polite. Throw the bastards out the window if they try to bother you."

Another item, to me of the greatest significance, may also help indicate the character of the paper. After the 1924 merger, there was a considerable "broadening of interests," as the saying has it. Lewis Gannett and Irita Van Doren, who had been working on the world-saving idea factory, *The Nation*, were added to the *Herald Tribune's* book department. They came, they told me later, with some misgivings—"old conservative Republican paper, and we're from *The Nation*." What they found astonished and delighted them. They had freedom, and they never misused this freedom. There were no more pettifogging arguments, no more harrowing conferences on "slants," no more picayune, hair-splitting editing of copy—a healthy relief from the cramped life they had led on the "liberal" weekly.

Likewise, though in a way it was a bold departure, the firmament did not crack wide open when, after the demise of *The World* early in 1931, the *Herald Tribune* hired the Democratic *World's* chief editorial writer, Walter

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

COUPLE JOBS

Each of the following titles of well-known literary works (novels, poems, essays, lectures) is composed of two principal words connected by the conjunction *and*. Faye Chilcote Walker, of Columbus, Ohio, asks you to match the titles on the left with the authors listed on the right. Answers on page 28.

1. Crime and Punishment	( ) Leo Tolstoi
2. War and Peace	( ) Fyodor Dostoyevsky
3. Man and Superman	( ) Victor Gollancz
4. Cabbages and Kings	( ) Bertrand Russell
5. Sons and Lovers	( ) Dorothy Parker
6. Culture and Anarchy	( ) A. W. Tourgée
7. Bells and Pomegranates	( ) Matthew Arnold
8. Heaven and Earth	( ) John Ruskin
9. Ladies and Gentlemen	( ) Robert Browning
10. Fathers and Sons	( ) Thomas Mann
11. Figs and Thistles	( ) Jane Austen
12. Days and Nights	( ) Lord Byron
13. Man and God	( ) George Bernard Shaw
14. Sturm und Drang	( ) Konstantine Simonov
15. Religion and Science	( ) Friedrich M. von Klinger
16. Death and Taxes	( ) O. Henry
17. Sense and Sensibility	( ) Sigmund Freud
18. Children and Fools	( ) James Branch Cabell
19. Totem and Taboo	( ) Ivan Turgenev
20. Sesame and Lilies	( ) D. H. Lawrence

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Lippmann, to begin his long and notable career as a columnist.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid were in charge of the paper—that is, say, during that long period before their two boys, young Whitelaw (Whitie) and young Ogden (Brownie) had grown up—it was the broad general theory that Mr. Reid was in charge of the editorial and news departments while Mrs. Reid's authority extended only to the business and advertising side. No one need have been surprised that this division was by no means always clear-cut; overlapping, and sometimes misunderstanding, was inevitable. However, the scheme really worked out pretty well.

To many of us, it sometimes seemed that the Reids differed considerably in their conception of what a paper should be. Mr. Reid was inclined to be suspicious of anything that went very far beyond the competent coverage of the news and fair comment thereon. Mrs. Reid was much more hospitable to innovations, and sometimes she had her way. She, much more than Mr. Reid, seemed to have the idea that the paper should try, often in some indefinable way, to "do good in the world," a noble thought that in practice can lead to utter ruin. However, Mrs. Reid had a flaming courage at times, and her long fight to build up the paper, though she may have guessed wrong a few times, was one of the bravest and most tenacious struggles in the history of newspapers.

As for Ogden Reid, it seems to me that the second-guessers have not always been accurate. For example, in a long and eloquent article last year in his remarkable organ, *The Territorial Enterprise*, published in Virginia City, Nevada, Mr. Lucius Beebe, who was on the *Herald Tribune* staff for many years, referred to Mr. Reid as a "magnifico," one of the last real gentlemen, and, in spite of his lack of writing ability and his disdain of drudgery, one whale of an editor. Likewise, in a letter to me in the latter part of the dismal 1940s, Alva Johnston wrote: "When I see what has happened to our old paper, Ogden Reid seems a greater man than Horace Greeley." Mr. Reid had died in 1947.

Well, whatever greatness may attach to the name of Mr. Reid will be because of a few simple principles to which he held with complete stubbornness—that the Republican party usually is best for the country, that censorship is dangerous, that we must always look out for the scoundrels who are trying to throttle the free press, that Tammany Hall is a pretty mangy outfit, that the national defense must be kept strong, that a first-rate newspaperman is the most admirable of God's works, that ordinary honesty and decency is (or ought to be) the best policy, and that there is no need to be ashamed of laughing. What's wrong with all that?

Although hardly a man with a finely honed sense of humor, Mr. Reid could laugh, often when there wasn't much to laugh about.

A few nights after I had hired Lucius Beebe, early in the 1930s, Mr. Reid, in Bleeck's saloon near the office, got his first glimpse of his new employee, who was attired in white tie and tails, top hat, red-lined opera cloak, his front adorned with a heavy gold log chain, carrying a black silver-tipped stick, and smoking a cigar eleven inches long.

"Quite a sight," said Mr. Reid. "Is he good for anything?"

"Very useful," I said. "And he will grow to be more useful. I hired him as a sort of sandwich man for The More Abundant Life."

Mr. Reid's laugh could be heard throughout Hell's Kitchen. He and Beebe became great friends. It was impossible for a sane, healthy man not to like Mr. Reid. To many of us he became an authentic folk hero during the terrible prohibition years. Much pressure, some of it from sources hard to ignore, was brought on him to change the policy of the paper from wet to dry. He was told prohibition could never be repealed, that the "best people" were for it, and that after all, as Herbert Hoover had said, it was an experiment "noble in purpose."

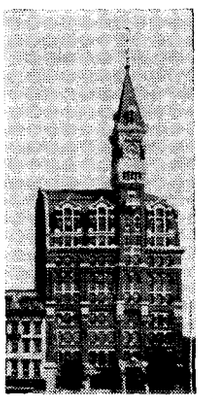
"Noble hell!" Mr. Reid would roar at Bleeck's. "It is the most damnable outrage ever perpetrated. And never fear. We'll get rid of it. Will you join me in a little libation, as our friend Mr. Benny Hollander the horseplayer, happily phrases it?"

Many men of conspicuous ability did their best to keep the paper, and the Reid dynasty itself, on the right track. One of the best was the late Geoffrey Parsons, for decades the chief editorial writer. Long before his advent the phrase "*Tribune* editorial," to describe ineffectual triteness, banality, or pointlessness, was common. Parsons improved the editorial page enormously, and his wise counsel not only prevented mistakes in general policy but also, on more than a few occasions, gave bold and clear direction. Howard Davis, the old general manager, was a man of outstanding ability. William E. Robinson, who succeeded him (Mr. Robinson now bosses Coca-Cola and is a favorite golfing companion of President Eisenhower) was one of the era's ablest salesmen and a genuine management expert. He has been criticized, unfairly it seems to me, for not pulling the paper through to a new plateau of prestige and prosperity. The truth is that Mr. Robinson, with the advent of the young Reids and their insistence on trying out their ideas, was placed in an impossible situation, and he recognized it and got out.

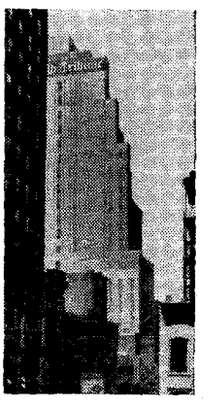
Well, maybe it all boils down to a sort of tragic example of how evolution works. Or maybe it is not all tragic. Once, when Frank Ward O'Malley, the famous reporter, heard that his paper, *The Sun*, had been sold to Frank Munsey, he said: "The slaves go with the plantation." Likewise in taking over the *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Whitney has found that the barnacles go with the ship. How to scrape them off without injuring the structure, how to undo some of the out-of-character "improvements" of the recent administration without alarming the customers unduly, how to get out a paper at all when costs are rising and the unions (including the Newspaper Guild) always carry loaded guns with which they are quite ready to destroy anything that gets in their way—these are among the problems that face the amiable gentleman from the Court of St James's and the man from Little Dixie.

The *Herald Tribune* is a better paper than it was ten months ago. Much of this is because of the quiet, horse-sense doings of George Cornish, the executive editor, who at last, after thirty-five years on the paper, has finally had the chance to show a little of what he can do. With the coming of Mr. White of Missouri this trend toward sound newspaper work, with fewer sideshows, ought to continue. And the well-heeled grandson of John Hay (Mr. Hay was called "the jocund Hay" and "Little Breeches" on Park Row long ago) may find that he has acquired a property that can give him pride and satisfaction. The old-timers, who never quite give up hope, are in his corner.

Picture credits: Whitney, White, Whitelaw Reid, and Mrs. Reid with sons: Wide World; Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid: The N. Y. Times; The Tribune Bldgs.: Brown Bros.



Old Tribune Building on Park Row.



Present headquarters on West 41st Street.

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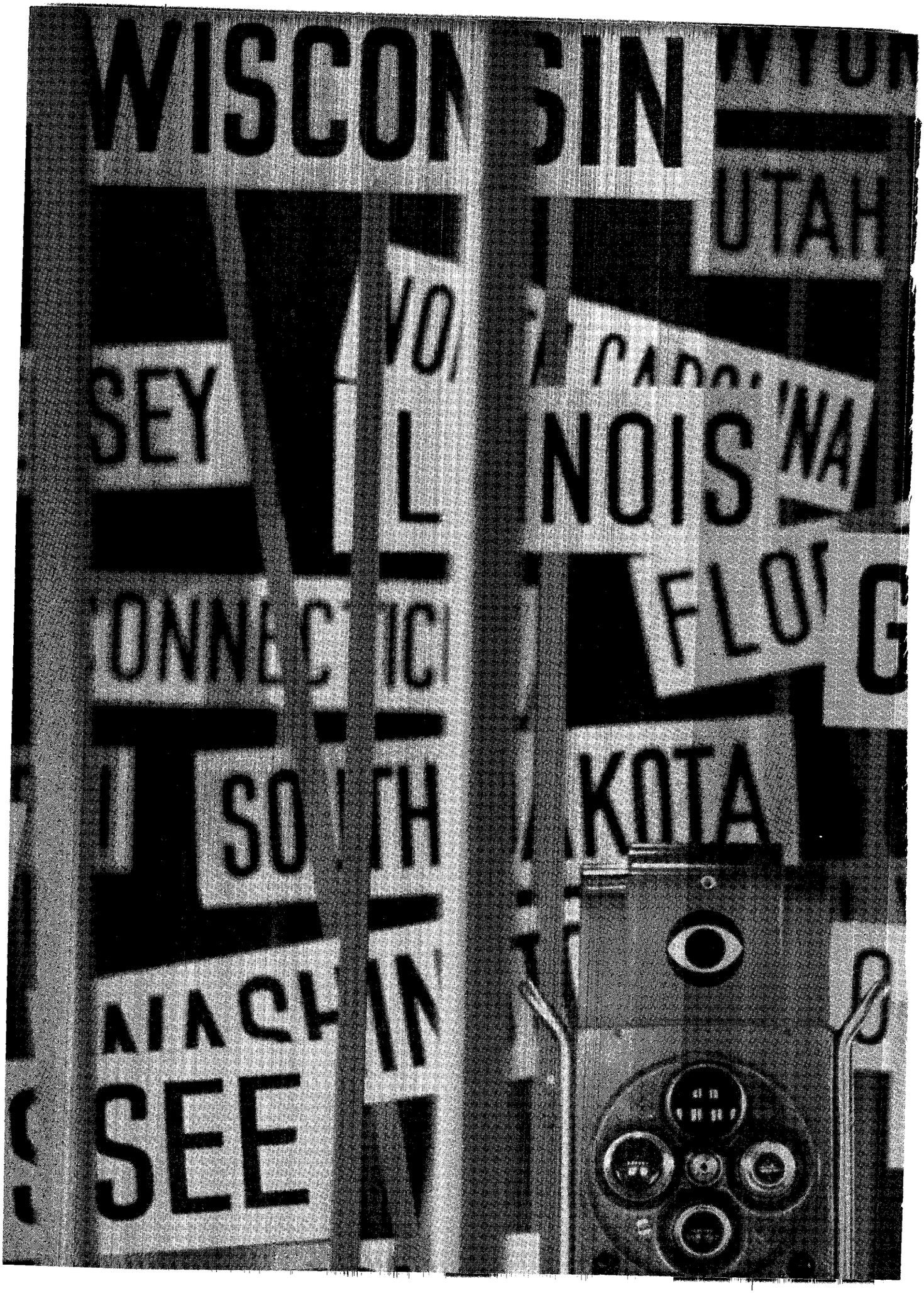

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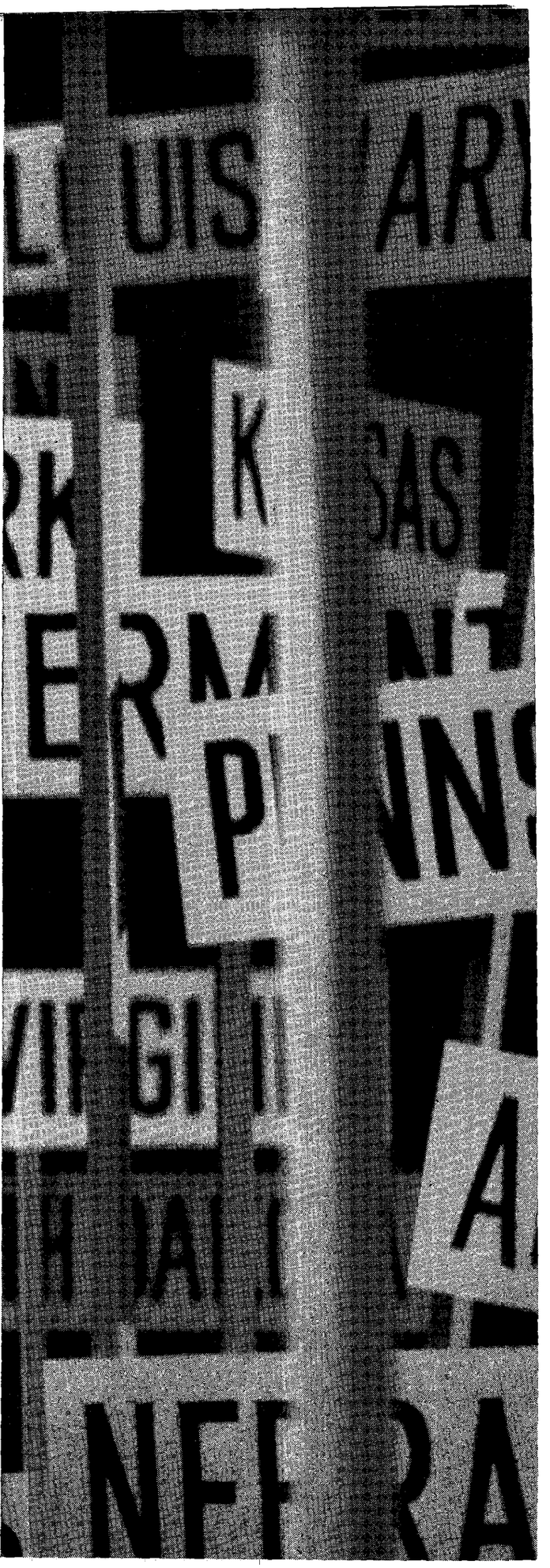

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History

Continued from page 13

the use of all-out strategic force. He concludes that, in the long run, strategic and political advantages rest with the Communists. It is difficult to see how, if this is true, the Communists can help *not* winning the Cold War. Dr. Niebuhr does not share the comfortable and fashionable hope that the technical and managerial oligarchy of the Soviet Union will replace the Communist dictatorship. Yet his closest approximation to a direct answer to the question of our survival is about as pleasantly vague as the current illusion that the perigrinations of our Presidential hopefuls have changed the international balance of power or softened the Communist resolution to "bury" us.

According to Dr. Niebuhr, the best that we can expect is that "historical developments" (unspecified) will reduce the Communist system to the "same dimensions which are universally manifest in the traditional communities of mankind." I do not know what exactly this means. But I am quite sure that Dr. Niebuhr takes an all too sunny view when he opines that the peril of war will be lessened by "mutualities of trade and culture which will increase as the revolutionary animus abates in Russia in the second and third generations of postrevolutionary leaders." The real problem, it seems, is to get through the next ten years without being blackmailed by the Soviets into abandoning our friends and, ultimately, capitulating.

Historic determinism is not a reliable counsel for making choices and taking risks—the gist of foreign policy. By all means, let us "come to terms with the inconclusive character of history," but let us always remember that, here and now, we are the only live agents of history. If we do, Dr. Niebuhr will be free to keep on writing and analyzing history. If we do not, the Communists—who are determinists in theory and activists in practice—will be glad to relieve him and the rest of us of the pain of making and writing *our* history.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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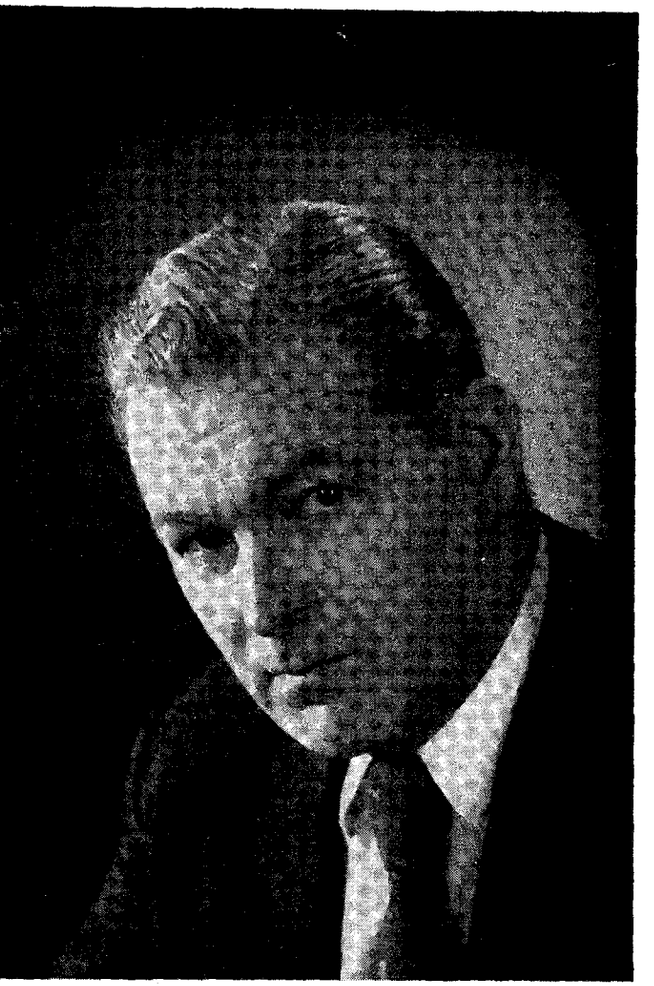

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AUGUST 29, 1959

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WHICH CAME FIRST?

By IRA GERSHWIN

In a career embracing collaborations with Vincent Youmans, Vernon Duke, Kurt Weill, as well as his brother George, Ira Gershwin has not only contributed to the world's musical pleasure, but has also enriched the language with such telling phrases as "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "S'Wonderful," etc. These excerpts from his forthcoming "Lyrics on Several Occasions," to be published in October by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., recall the pangs and pleasures of those collaborations.

THAT CERTAIN QUESTION: "WHICH COMES FIRST?" When I was on jury service in New York many years ago there was a case found for the defendant. Afterwards, in the corridor, I saw the lawyer for the plaintiff approaching and thought I was going to be lectured. But no. Greetings over, all he wanted to know was whether the words or the music came first.

Every songwriter has been put this question many times, and by now nearly all interested know that no rule obtains: sometimes it's the lyric and sometimes the tune. And sometimes—more often than not these days—the words and music are written practically at the same time: This, when collaborators are at work together (in the same room, that is—though I have heard of collaboration on the telephone); and a song, sparked either by a possible title or by a likely snatch of tune, emerges line by line and section by section. (*What* comes first, according to show writers in demand, is the contract.)

With the great art-songwriters of the Elizabethan Age (John Dowland, Thomas Campion, half a dozen others), the words always came first, even though many of these highly talented men were also fine composers and wrote their own lute accompaniments. But already in that period were numerous instances where lyrics were fitted to music. This was done by satirists and parodists who, discarding the words of folk song and ballad, penned—quilled, if you like—new lyrics to the traditional tunes, lyrics which politicized, thumbed the nose, eulogized, or went in for out-and-out bawdry. (Lyric-transformation played quite a part also in early hymnody. In Germany, for instance, Martin Luther was a notable example of the hymnist who took many a secular song, well-known to the people, and, retaining the tune, threw out the worldly lyric to substitute one of spiritual quality.)

The practice of putting new words to pre-existent song became more and more common, and led to the beginnings of ballad-opera. England's outstanding opus in this realm was Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," London, 1728. This was so successful that it ran sixty-two nights, a new theatrical record that "stood unchallenged for almost a century." In the Heinemann edition (London, 1921) I count sixty-eight short "airs"—chosen by Gay from the great store of English, Irish, and Scottish melodies—newly lyricized by the playwright.

Everyone knows that in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas practically all the lyrics were written first. However, earlier in Gilbert's theatrical career he'd also had plenty of experience setting words to music. In the 1860s, many Extravaganzas and Burlesques of his, based on Continental operas, were produced in London. These were adapted by him into English with tricky lyrics and recitatives loaded with puns. Among them were Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," which became "Robert the Devil; or The Nun, the Dun, and the Son of a Gun," and Bellini's "Norma," extravagandized to "The Pretty Druidess; or The Mother, the Maid and the Mistletoe Bough."

* * *

My favorite account of how songs are written was told me second-hand many years ago. At a Christmas party in a music publishing house a shipping clerk was explaining to an impressed friend how hit-writer Walter Donaldson (who had just written both the words and the music of a hit) went about it: "Well, you see—he sort of gets the scope of the thing and then scopes it out."

FAIRY TALE FROM LEFT FIELD. During the writing of "Lady in the Dark," Kurt Weill and I spent a couple of weekends with Moss Hart at his charming summer place in Bucks County. The food was excellent, the guest rooms

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Fred Astaire (left) at the piano with George and Ira Gershwin.

cozy; there was a large swimming pool and thousands of trees and any amount of huge and overwhelmingly friendly, woolly dogs; there was even that rarity for those days (1940), a TV set; but the show was ever on our minds and mostly we were at it, discussing the score in progress and what lay ahead. Dinner, though, usually brought additional guests; and one Sunday night Richard Rodgers, who had been spending the weekend nearby at George Kaufman's, offered us a ride back to the city (we had come by train), a convenience gladly accepted. We were to leave about 9 P.M., but it was decided to wait until city-bound traffic died down a bit. To pass the time, Dick picked an old quiz-and-conundrum book of the Twenties from Moss's shelves; and all present spent an hour or so answering quiz questions, correcting twisted quotations, solving riddles, etc.

Some weeks later when Kurt and I were on the second dream sequence we came to a spot where Liza and some children were alone on the stage. I suggested—and Kurt liked the notion—that here a sung fairy tale might be incorporated. So next day I got hold of some Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, and leafed through for something not too well-known to base a narrative on—any short one that could be transformed into a song. In my anxiousness to find something quickly, probably much possible was overlooked; my hurried impressions pictured mainly young princes turning into frogs and vice versa. Which form of corporeal alchemy seemed too complicated and far-fetched. Metamorphosis out, I began thinking of other legendary magical gimmicks and concluded that the kind used so frequently in "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments" might do the trick: One where an in-a-spot young man answers brilliantly one or several loaded questions, and reaps, from an amazed and delighted potentate, rewards of non-decapitation, bushels of diamonds and rubies, a harem, and other *desiderata*. It was then that I remembered the Sunday night mentioned above and *my* brilliant answer to a conundrum Dick put: "What word of five letters is never spelled right?" This seemed short, sweet, and possible for a device; so, having something to head for, I started.

I had a rough idea of what I wanted to say, but none about the number of lines it would take. I finally decided on a title and came up with an opening stanza, which I gave to Kurt for tentative setting. Tentative because I was prepared to change the approach if he felt that a longish lyric with regular, confining stanzas might make for musical monotony. Soon after, he played me a setting I liked; then said there'd be no problem—that no matter how many stanzas were required, the musical end would be reasonably cohesive. With this assurance I kept furthering and tickling up the narrative, with Kurt never more than a stanza behind me; and in a few days this section of the dream was completed.

* * *

Because several of my friends were being analyzed at twenty dollars a session, I couldn't resist, "That will be twenty gulden, please."

* * *

THE BABBITT AND THE BROMIDE: "It needs work" unquestionably applied to "Funny Face" when it opened in Philadelphia and looked like a failure. We were on the road six weeks, and everyone concerned with the show worked day and night, recasting, rewriting, rehearsing, recriminating—of rejoicing, there was none. "The Babbitt and the Bromide" was the final change. It went in on a Thursday or Friday night in Wilmington, when the audience consisted of no more than 200—mostly pretty and young and pregnant DuPont matrons (my wife's observation). The number was introduced at 10:50 and concluded with Fred and Adele Astaire doing their famous "run-around"—to show-stopping applause—and suddenly, with all the other changes, the show looked possible. The week's business in Wilmington totaled $6,000. The following week we opened the new Alvin Theatre in New York and grossed $44,000.

* * *

Although our conception for performance of "Babbitt-Bromide" was that all the lines be sung in unison by Fred and Adele (as a dead-pan conversation carried on with neither listening to the other) they immediately felt it would be more effective nonsense to offer the phrases by turns:

Fred: Hello!
Adele: How are you?
Fred: Howza folks?
Adele: What's new?, etc.*

Which presentation too was fine with us. Therefore the placement of this lyric in a duet category.

Fred and Vinton (Vinton Freedley, co-producer) won't recall this, but I made a mental note at the time: The day my brother and I demonstrated the song, Fred took me aside and said, "I know what a Babbitt is, but what's a Bromide?" Just about an hour later, in the Wilmington Hotel elevator, Vinton said to me, "I was brought up on Gelett Burgess and the Goops, so I know what a Bromide is—but what's a Babbitt?"

ALL THROUGH REHEARSALS Miss Lawrence did "Jenny" most acceptably. But I kept wondering whether it would be as effective as the (deleted) Zodiac Song. This is what happened opening night in Boston. We were playing to a packed house, and the show was holding the audience tensely. It was working out. I was among the standees at the back of the house; next to me was one of the Sam Harris staff. In the circus scene when Danny Kaye completed the last note of "Tchaikovsky," thunderous applause rocked the theatre for at least a solid minute. The staff member clutched my arm, muttered "Christ, we've lost our star!," couldn't take it, and rushed for the lobby. Obviously he felt that nothing could top Danny's rendition, that "Jenny" couldn't compete with it, and that either Miss Lawrence would leave the show or that Danny Kaye would have to be cut down to size.

But he should have waited. The next few lines of dialogue weren't heard because of the continuing applause. Then, as Danny deferred to Miss Lawrence, it ended; and "Jenny" began. She hadn't been singing more than a few lines when I realized an interpretation was materializing we'd never seen at rehearsal. Not only were there new nuances and approaches, but on top of this she "bumped" it and "ground" it to the complete devastation of the audience. At the conclusion, there was an ovation which lasted twice as long as that for "Tchaikovsky." "Tchaikovsky" had shown us the

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emergence of a new star in Danny Kaye. But "Jenny" revealed to us that we didn't have to worry about losing our brighter-than-ever star.

* * *

It is easier to predict correctly what will happen to the stock market than what show numbers will do. One hopes for the best, but one best remain noncommittal. Not everyone does, though. Three or four nights after the Boston opening with "Lady" looking like a big hit, Kurt told me he hadn't wanted to worry me but this is what occurred after the dress rehearsal. Hassard Short, a top revue man of excellent taste who was in charge of the show's physical production and lighting, took Kurt aside and said, "If you'll take my advice, you boys had better get two new numbers ready in a hurry. You'll find that 'Jenny' and the Russian number won't make it."

RE THE VERSE. All I had to say was, "George, how about an Irish verse?" and he sensed instantly the degree of wistful loneliness I meant. Generally, whatever mood I thought was required, he, through his instinct and inventiveness, could bring my hazy musical vision into focus. Needless to say, this sort of affinity between composer and lyricist comes only after long association between the two.

* * *

There was a different kind of musical communication between George and his earliest Broadway producer. Alex Aarons was quite musical himself and had faith enough to sign George at nineteen for "La, La, Lucille." Alex was fond at the time of at least twenty of George's tunes which had not as yet been written up lyrically, so he had no means of calling for any one of them by numeral or title. But he could request what he wanted to hear this way: Whisking his hand across George's shoulder he would say, "Play me the one that goes like *that*." Or, "Play the tune that smells like an onion." Or, "You know, the one that reminds me of the Staten Island Ferry." And so on. Though this mutual musical understanding didn't develop between them at their first meeting it didn't take too long. I met Alex a few weeks after George did and in Aarons's apartment heard five or six requests in this oblique manner.

Later, when George had many tunes on tap for me and I couldn't recall exactly the start of a particular one I wanted to discuss, I would visualize the vocal line and my forefinger would draw an approximation of its curves in the air. And more often than not he would know the tune I meant.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT: Somewhere, long ago, I read an illustrated article about a number of cartoons rejected by the humorous weeklies—cartoons and drawings not for the family trade. One, submitted to *Punch*, I think, was—I'm pretty sure—by George Belcher whose crayon specialized in delineating London's lowly. In this one, two charwomen are discussing the daughter of a third, and the first says she's heard that the discussee 'as become a 'ore. Whereat the second observes it's nice work if you can get it. And that's all I remember about this title. It's all pretty vague and, on further reflection, it could be that I'm all wrong and that the phrase was around before I ever saw the Belcher two-liner. Anyway—

AS I SEE IT: Q.E.D.It. In lyric writing it's nice work when you get hold of a seemly title, for that's half the battle. But what follows must follow through in the verse and refrain, whether the development is direct or oblique. In brief:

A title
Is vital.
Once you've it—
Prove it.

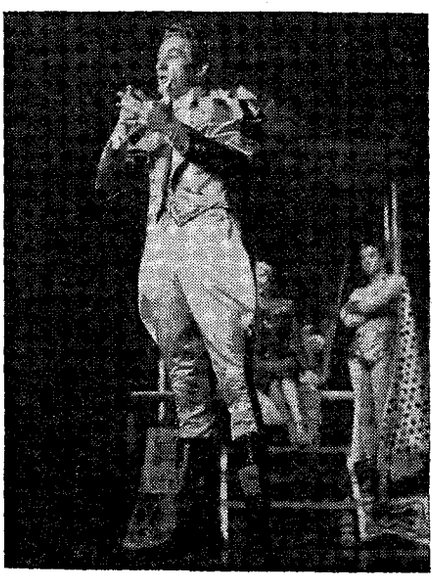
DUMMY TITLE. After my brother played me a sixteen-bar tune which he thought might be the start of something for Sportin' Life in the Picnic Scene, I asked for a lead sheet (the simple vocal line); and to remember the rhythm and accents better, I wrote across the top a dummy title—the first words that came to my mind: "It ain't necessarily so." (I could just as well have written "An order of bacon and eggs," "Tomorrow's the 4th of July," "Don't ever sell Telephone short"—anything—the sense didn't matter. All I required was a phrase that accented the second, fifth, and eighth syllables to help me remember the rhythm.)

Struggling for two days with the tune, I came up with no eurekan notion. Then I remembered I had once written a dummy title to a Vincent Youmans melody when we were working on "Two Little Girls in Blue," and a couple of days later when Youmans asked if I had finished the song, I told him I hadn't as yet got a title. Youmans: "What do you mean? It's called 'Oh, Me, Oh, My, Oh, You.'" Me: "But that was only my dummy title." Nevertheless, Youmans insisted that he was crazy about that particular title—which was fine with me, because I couldn't think of anything else—and the song turned out to be the most popular in the show.

So I began to explore the possibilities of *this* dummy title. At one point I decided that trouble-maker Sportin' Life, being among a group of religious Sons-and-Daughters-of-Repent-Ye-Saith-the-Lord picnickers, might try to startle them with a cynical and irreligious attitude. And what would certainly horrify his auditors would be his saying that some accounts in the Bible weren't necessarily so. Once I had the rhymes "Bible—li'ble" and "Goliath—dieth," I felt I was probably on the right track. George agreed. He then improvised the scat sounds, "Wa-doo, Zim bam boddle-oo." Together, in a week or so, we worked out the rather unusual construction of this piece, with its limerick musical theme, the crowd responses, the lush melodic middle, and the "ain't nessa, ain't nessa" coda. Happily, in all the years that the song has been around, I have received only one letter remarking on its possible irreverence.

"RESISTANCE HYMN." During World War II, "Porgy and Bess" was somehow

(*Continued on page* 45)



Danny Kaye ("new star") and Gertrude Lawrence ("brighter than ever star") as they appeared in "Lady in the Dark."

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KEYBOARD LEFT TO RIGHT—PART II

By JAN HOLCMAN

I VIVIDLY RECALL my arrival in Moscow from Lwow (Poland) in December of 1940. Frozen and exhausted, I was received graciously by the great Soviet Chopinist, Zak, with a bowl of hot soup and this question: "Did you by any chance bring any Hofmann recordings from Poland?" Hardly did I suspect that twenty years later I would be myself engaged in a similar quest: collecting the records of Zak to compare them with those of Hofmann! I have been trying to penetrate into the characteristics of Soviet and Western pianism and, in an ironic turnabout, find what we can learn from the Soviets as they have learned from us. Comparisons are not nearly so odious as they are laborious. My long and meticulous analysis of more than 1,200 Soviet and Western recordings—with some passages played at slow speeds for note-by-note and phrase-by-phrase comparisons—demonstrated the over-all superiority of Russian pianism as well as a striking pattern of parallels and divergencies between the two modern pianistic schools.

Their closest link appears in fidelity to the musical score (something even more pronounced in Russia), accompanied by the complete elimination of old-fashioned, sentimental mannerisms. Unfortunately, this elimination covered a larger scope than necessary, affecting the artist's free expression and reducing his individual initiative. A pianist's subordination to a composer's intent is meritorious indeed, but it still leaves an indispensable margin for personal expression that modern pianists on both sides of the Ivory Curtain fail to exploit. Creative interpretation today is generally replaced by mere performance producing an impersonal monotony that marks our whole keyboard generation.

The cause of this monotony involves a curious variation. Our younger pianists tend to play the repeated phrases with minor changes in coloration. The Russians exhibit richer nuance but often imitate one another's musical conception. For instance, in the flawless reading of the Liszt "Campanella," Gilels and Merzhanov have both introduced an admirable, unmarked *rit-diminuendo* (m. 61, 3, 5), a nuance not to be found, incidentally, among the twenty-three Western "Campanellists," including Busoni and Sauer. The two Soviet versions appear more varied than most Western readings, but either "Campanella," Merzhanov's or Gilels's, would impress us considerably more had we not heard the

Zak—"preferred Hofmann."

other. With due admiration for Russian technical perfection, many of us may still prefer the color and imagery of the vivid version by Friedman, despite his excessive mannerisms. All in all the widest range of interpre-

Ginsburg—"favored Gieseking."

tative concepts can result in outstanding creations at the hands of true masters. He breaks the monotony of standardized patterns by adding some of his own. Naturally, this range of interpretation which is offered by the old masters confronted with Gilels's outstanding creations, suggest anything but an artistic conflict. This is sharply illustrated in Gieseking's and Gilels's versions of the Mendelssohn Song ("Duet") Op. 38 No. 6. Gilels (as well as Friedman) recorded it at MM ⅛ = 126, while Gieseking alone used exactly half that speed—sixty-three. Such a vast difference in tempos is unthinkable in the Soviet Union. Yet Gilels and Gieseking appear equally impressive. The point is that in this case both contrasting Mendelssohn interpretations were dictated by purely musical considerations. Moreover, it would be a mistake to suppose that the Gieseking sounded like nothing but Gilels in a practice tempo. Expression saved Gieseking from this danger. And, when I played the Gieseking disc *twice as fast*, I discovered not the usual mechanical deformation, but a striking evocation of . . . Gilels's artistic reading! Surely, there is room enough for both concepts. Soviet pedagogues (still more than ours) think otherwise. They maintain that the performer's individuality ought to find its full outlet in exploring the composer's own notation. "Originality" and "Subjectivity" are Soviet terms of critical reproach. Equally censurable is dry, mechanical playing labelled "academic formalism" and readily identified with modern "bourgeois art." In this limited artistic freedom, the Soviet pianist is expected to conform to "healthy realism," to sound sincere, manly, and heroic, and —above all—to communicate with the masses. Even a Richter was delicately reproved for "abstract" ideas, for "straying too high into the clouds," and was invited to come down closer to earth and be understood by all.

Nevertheless, we should not be led to suppose that these restrictions *completely* suppressed artistic initiative or fully erased individual differences among senior Soviet pianists. Their creative impulse was often stimulated by the recordings of old Western giants. Where Flier seemed influenced by Rachmaninoff, and Gilels's god was Horowitz, Zak apparently preferred Hofmann, and Ginsburg evidently favored Gieseking's Mozart. If these Soviet pianists still fail to approach the imaginative musicianship of their models, the reasons must also lie beyond their restricted freedom. We are free in the West, yet with us the problem of creative imagination also remains unresolved. But at least the Russian piano leaders seriously debate the question of "where to go" in pianism; we seem to think that the solution may be found in merely striking the keys. The results of this Western insouciance are reflected in the unfortunate divergence of the two piano arts. Russian pianists differ from ours in

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three major respects: approach to the instrument, formation of a musical conception, and application of technique. Young Western virtuosos are inclined to use the piano as a percussive instrument. The Soviets strongly condemn this "Busonian tendency"; their pianists must "sing." This attitude is carried to the point where Soviet students are advised to practise even ordinary scales with expression. As for musical concept, the Soviet pianist, unlike his Western colleague, is taught to think out and elaborate in advance a concrete, integral conception, leaving little to the spontaneous "inspiration" on the stage. The whole picture of a composition must be formed in the student's mind before his actual practising begins. In his preparatory work, he attempts to synchronize punctuation, pronunciation, and culmination, and to form an impressive, unruffled, continuous entity (a quality especially demanded by Prof. Igumnov). I may add that in music interpretation, as in chess, final success goes to the one who sees the most moves ahead.

The matter of technique is one of Western speed vs. Soviet accuracy. The Russians usually concentrate on rhythmic precision and dynamic balance—regardless of how fast they may actually play. Their technique rarely shows any flaws even under slow motion examination. The naked *for-*

(*Continued on page 48*)

A Comparison of Western and Soviet Piano Performances

(Part II—Recordings in which Soviet pianists match or surpass Western renditions.)

EACH:	Concerto in D minor	Richter, Monitor 2002 Gould, Col. LM 5211
MOZART:	Sonata, K. 570	Gilels, Ang. 35132 Schnabel, HMV DB 6839-40 (78) Gianoli, West. 18506
BEETHOVEN:	Choral Fantasia	Richter, Colos. 255 Foldes, Decca DXB 139
BEETHOVEN:	Concerto No. 3	Gilels, Period 601 Backhaus, London 289 Kempff, Decca 9898 Moiseiwitch, Vict. LBC 1012 Rubinstein, Vict. LM 6702
MENDELSSOHN:	Concerto in G minor	Gilels, Colos. 191 E. Silver, Gramoph. 20122
SCHUMANN:	Waldscenen	Richter, Decca DL 9921 Backhaus, Lond. LL 1725 Casadesus, Col. ML 4366
CHOPIN:	Ballade No. 2	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Casadesus, Col. ML 4798 Arrau, Decca DXB 130
CHOPIN:	Concerto in F minor	Davidovitch, USSR D-1087/8 Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Rubinstein, Vict. LM 1046 Wood, MMS 4 Novaes, Vox 7100
CHOPIN:	Etude Op. 10 No. 1	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Backhaus, HMV DB 1132 (78) Rosenthal, P.E. 11161 (78)
CHOPIN:	Etude Op. 25 No. 3	Davidovitch, Cd M 5039 (78) Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Arrau, Ang. 35414
CHOPIN:	Etude Op. 25 No. 5	Oborin, USSR 17786 Anda, Ang. 35420
CHOPIN:	Mazurka Op. 41 No. 4	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Rubinstein, Vict. LM 6109
CHOPIN:	Polonaise No. 6	Gilels, Colos. 256 Horowitz, Vict. LM 1137 Lhevinne, Vict. 1765 (78)
CHOPIN:	Preludes	Sofronitzky, USSR D-00990-9 Lympany, Capitol G 7145 Gulda, London LL 755 Rubinstein, Vict. LM 1163
CHOPIN:	Scherzo No. 3	Tamarkina, USSR D-00191 Bolet, Remington 161 Arrau, Parloph. 2044 (78)
CHOPIN:	Scherzo No. 4	Davidovitch, MUZA 387-8 (78) Ashkenazy, Ang. 35403 Horowitz, Vict. 14634 (78)
CHOPIN:	Sonata in B flat	Gilels, Ang. 35308 Casadesus, Col. ML 4798
LISZT:	Concerto in E flat	Gilels, Vanguard 6015 Foldes, Decca DL 9888 Huttner, Royal 1320
	Mephisto Waltz	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35647 Kapell, Vict. LVT 1028 Cziffra, Ang. 35528 Browning, Cap. P 8464
PAGANINI-LISZT:	Caprices	Ginsburg (Soviet), USSR 18558/9 (78) Merzhanov, Monit. MC 2012 Slenczynska, Decca 9949
PAGANINI-LISZT:	La Chasse	Trouard, XXP 7409 (78)
PAGANINI-LISZT:	Sonetto 104	Tamarkina, USSR D-00191 Lipatti, Col. DB 68 (78) Lamond, Col. D 1666 (78) Horowitz, Vict. LVT 1043 Balogh, Lyric 14
FRANCK:	Prelude, Chorale, Fugue	Richter, Monit. MC 2022 Rubinstein, Vict. LM 1822 Pennario, Cap. 8397
SAINT-SAËNS:	Concerto No. 2	Gilels, Vanguard 6015 Darré, Cap. 18036
SAINT-SAËNS:	Concerto No. 5	Richter, Monit. MC 2004 Jacquinot, MGM E 3068
TCHAIKOVSKY:	Sonata in G major	Richter, Monit. MC 2034 Reisenberg, Westm. 18208
BALAKIREFF:	Islamey	Ginsburg, USSR B 015799 (78) Barere, Vict. 14028 (78) Smith, G.C. 2755 (78)
RACHMANINOFF:	Concerto No. 1	Richter, Monit. MC 2004 Janis, Vict. LM 2127 Moiseiwitch, Vict. LVT 1008

/Author's own reading of his work is *always* unmatched and thus was omitted here/

RACHMANINOFF:	Paganini-Rhapsody	Zak, Westm. 18335 Kapell, Vict. LM 9026 Fleisher, Epic LC 3330
SCRIABIN:	Sonata No. 5	Merzhanov, Monit. MC 2013 Sheyne, Allegro 37
PROKOFIEV:	Concerto No. 3	Gilels, Bruno 14007 Prokofiev, Ang. COLH-34 Kapell, Vict. LVT 1028
PROKOFIEV:	Sonata No. 2	Gilels, Colos. 186 Cornman, Lon. LL 553 Boukoff, West. 18369 Graffman, Vict. LM 2012
PROKOFIEV:	Sonata No. 4	Malinin, Ang. 35402 Boukoff, West. 18369
PROKOFIEV:	Sonata No. 7 and equally impressive	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35647 Horowitz, Victor set M 1042
PROKOFIEV:	Sonata No. 9	Richter, Monit. MC 2034 Boukoff, West. 18371
KABALEVSKY:	Preludes	Flier, USSR 14140-1 (78) Reisenberg, West. 18095

Some well-known Western pianists (such as Solomon) have been omitted because they have not recorded the literature on which the comparisons are based.

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Recordings in Review

Debut of Browning

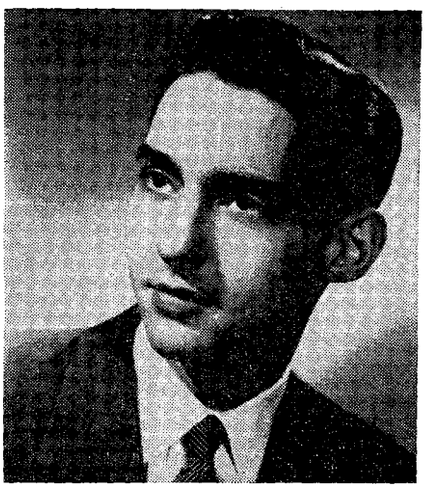
CHOPIN: *Etude in G flat (opus 10, No. 5), Nocturne in D flat (opus 27, No. 2), Valse in E flat (Opus 18),* LISZT: *Mephisto Waltz,* BACH-BUSONI: *"Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland," "In dir ist Freude,"* SCHUBERT: *Impromptu in B flat (opus 142, No. 3) and* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (arranged Rachmaninoff): *"Flight of the Bumble Bee." John Browning, piano.* Capitol SP 8464, $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata opus 57 ("Appassionata"),* BACH: *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue,* BACH-LISZT: *Prelude and Fugue in A minor. The same.* Capitol SP 8490, $5.98.

ONE RECORD DOESN'T make an artist, any more than one swallow makes a wine, but it is evident from a few measures of either of these that Browning has one of the rare attributes of keyboard artistry: a tonal quality of uncommon sonority and character. With it goes the kind of facility that explains his abundant success as a scholarship holder and competition winner (the first entitling him to study with Rosina Lhevinne, the second giving him runner-up status in a recent Belgian contest).

However, there is not much else in these exhibits to suggest that Browning has made the transition from uncommonly gifted student to commonly recognized artist. His inclinations are mostly worthy ones, tending to sensitivity and introspection rather than surface display (as in the E-flat waltz), but he doesn't command the sense of structure to make the D-flat nocturne, for example, more than an amorphous succession of phrases. The "Mephisto" waltz develops little supernatural atmosphere, the Schubert Impromptu is rather coolly delivered. Throughout his rhythmic sense lacks sharpness and phrase ends sometimes dangle in a rather effeminate manner.

In the more extended matter of the second disc, Browning pursues a sound ground plan in the Beethoven through movements one and two, with a glimpse here and there of the sense of melodic phrasing, the molding of line, which characterize his best work in the shorter pieces. However, the finale simply does not rise to any likeness of the abandon required. Some of his Bach is pretty, indeed quite pretty in sound, but real emotional emphasis or strong intellectual impulse do not seem prominent in Browning's makeup. Aside from the quality of sound, his exposure



John Browning—"rare attributes of keyboard artistry."

in this kind of a virtuoso literature is premature if the purpose is to put him in a class other than that "promising" one already overcrowded.

Seefried and Schubert

SCHUBERT: *"Im Frühling," "Litanei," "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," "Ave Maria," "Die Liebe hat gelogen," "Fischerweise," "Die junge Nonne," "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," "Heiss mich nicht reden," "Mignons Gesang," "Wiegenlied," "Seligkeit," "Lachen und Weinen," "Das Lied im Grünen," and "Die Forelle." Irmgard Seefried, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano.* Deutsche Grammophon DGS 712003, $5.98.

OFTEN ENOUGH WHEN one is puzzled by a performer's approach to familiar music, it can be expressed in the thought: "I wonder what he (or she) is up to?" In the case of Irmgard Seefried's singing of the fifteen great songs of this collection—every one a Schubertian masterpiece—one is inclined to phrase it: "I wonder what she is not up to?" The puzzle here lies in what Miss Seefried subtracts, in warmth of tone, variety of color, and profundity of thought, in performances that are curiously pale in sound, mostly bland in vocal coloration and on the surface of what she sings.

In the perspective of these songs, the sound to which Miss Seefried is partial is mated perfectly with meaning in the repeated "Alleluja" of "Die junge Nonne." This is no small feat, for it is a rather subtle point in a song of much meaning. But it must also be recognized that the same sound, applied without alteration, to songs as different as "Litanei," "Ave Maria," and "Kennst du das Land" can be not only wearing, but insufficient.

Generically, Miss Seefried is at her best in those lightly inflected songs which have always been her specialty: "Die Forelle," "Das Lied im Grünen," "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," and "Im Frühling." But even these don't have the ring and charm associated with her best work in the past. It can't be the stereo, for Erik Werba's piano playing has its characteristically excellent sound.

Hits from Bach

BACH: *"Mein gläubiges Herze" (Cantata 68), "Ich traue seiner Gnaden" (Cantata 97), "Der zufriedengestellte Aeolus" (Cantata 205), "Gott versorget alles Leben" (Cantata 187), "Gott, du hast es wohl gefüget" (Cantata 63), "Jesus nimmt die Sünder an" (Cantata 113), "Wenn kommt der Tag" (Cantata 70) and "Ja, ja, ich halte Jesum feste" (Cantata 157). The Bach Aria Group, William H. Scheide, director.* Decca Stereo DL 79405, $5.98.

FOR THE AVID Bach enthusiast, the mere announcement of this disc's availability, with its ensemble name cloaking such vocalists as Eileen Farrell, soprano, Jan Peerce, tenor, Carol Smith, mezzo, and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone in association with Julius Baker, flute, Robert Bloom, oboe, Maurice Wilk, violin, Bernard Greenhouse, cello, and Paul Ulanowsky, piano, with Scheide directing, may make other considerations unimportant. For those of a more general disposition, it may be reported that much of it sounds like a case of too little and too late: an assortment of excerpts imposing more than a little vocal strain on the present (or recent) capacities of Miss Farrell and Mr. Peerce particularly.

It may be quibbling to protest on disc what has been successful in the group's appearances in concert, but I prefer a unified experience, in which the whole of an artistic expression is surrounded and summarized, to such disconnected bits as we have here. What Farrell might do in the whole of Cantata 68 is questionable, but when she is plunged into "Mein gläubiges Herze" at the quickstep tempo set by Scheide, she sounds breathless and puffy throughout. Nor do the excerpts from Nos. 97 or 205 suggest that this is a literature for which Peerce has any real affinity. The voice sounds dry, the breathing labored—and some of the background string playing slides in and out of pitch. He is decidedly better in the solo from No. 113, as Farrell is in the

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second side "Gott, du hast es wohl gefüget." But there is good reason to suspect that she has sacrificed something in refinement of detail, in such music, for the bigness of sound associated with her of late.

On the whole, the soundest vocalization is achieved by Smith and Farrow, neither as celebrated as their associates, but still with the firmness and fullness of sound to make their work enjoyable. Aside from the string intonation previously remarked, the instrumental performances are first class—but why, for purposes of a recording, a piano *continuo*? It strikes an oddly anachronistic note.

Yesterday's Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. Vladimir Horowitz, piano, with Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony.* RCA Victor LM 2319, $4.98.

IF THERE IS a potential customer for this music who does not own the Van Cliburn issue of last year, or the long celebrated collaboration of Horowitz and Toscanini on RCA Victor LCT 1012 (originally M 800)—not to mention one of a score of others on LP by pianists from Anda to Yankoff—here is still another kind of experience to tempt him from his unfathomable condition of ignorance. It is not, as might be suspected, some kind of "enhanced" version of the Carnegie Hall session of 1941, but the replica of a broadcast. Moreover, it is not even derived from the broadcast of April, 1941, which preceded the recording of M 800 but from a concert on April 25, 1943, to promote the sale of War Bonds.

The first thing to be observed, of course, is that the sound from the acetates of the broadcast is vastly superior to the quality of the 1941 Carnegie Hall product. It has weaknesses at both extremities—weak bass, not much overtone detail in the high end—but it is considerably more pleasurable than LCT 1012, in which the piano has a xylophonish-tinkle and the orchestral "insides" have to be supplied as often by the memory as by the ear. Moreover, for a broadcast it is phenomenally quiet, leading to some suspicion that it might have been put together from rehearsal "takes." (There is no applause, either).

In addition, though it has an abundance of aural excitement, it is a little better "reined in" spurt of this war horse than the wildly careening dash with which we have been so long familiar. Even when the excitement of the occasion tempts Toscanini to some of his faster than fast tempi, Horowitz remains the dominant force.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

"Dalila" and "Linda"

THERE ARE certain tasty but not universally digestible operas which disappear from the menu every so often and then, with the passing of three or four seasons, crop up again as chef's specials. In operatic parlance, these are the so-called "revivals." It is usually good to have them back, even if the warming-over is not always sufficiently expert to do justice to their ingredients.

Of these semi-standard works, Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" has suffered most from changes in operatic fashion. Yet, in a great performance, such is the over-all power of Saint-Saëns's dramatic scheme, the surge of sensuous melody, that the work can make its mark, and unforgettably. The opera stands or falls on the vocal grandeur of its two star interpreters. Thus, with a Caruso and Matzenauer, a Dalmorès and Gerville-Réache, "Samson et Dalila" has enjoyed moments of historic favor on the American operatic scene. With less impressive combinations, it has often suffered eclipse.

RCA Victor has recently brought out a single disc (LM or LSC 2309) containing highlights from this opera. The episodes contained are Samson's appeal to the Hebrews and his combat with Abimilech, Dalila's "Amour, viens aider," the love duet, the mill scene, and much of the grand finale. Now "Samson," of all operas, can best stand cutting and even benefit by it, but the editing of this recording leaves something to be desired. Most of Samson's music has remained; but Dalila's wonderful entrance tune in Act One, "O mon bien aimé, suis mes pas" (for this writer's taste, the most succulent vocal line in the opera) is omitted, as is the following "Printemps qui commence." The big second-act duet for the temptress and High Priest goes by the board and, most lamentable of all, Dalila's superb outburst of scorn in the Temple Scene is omitted. In addition, the love duet is split down the middle, beginning toward the end of Side One, and resuming after the turn-over.

The performance itself, recorded in Boston's Symphony Hall, has much to commend it. Excellent in quality is the playing of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under the direction of Fausto Cleva. The choral singing is also on a high plane. But Mario Del Monaco's Samson, vocally strong and musically alert, is strangely lacking in brilliance. Perhaps it is the French text which has inhibited him. At any event, Mr. Del Monaco's most persuasive singing in the entire recording comes during the subdued scene in the mill.

Risë Stevens offers a tastefully-sung Dalila. In the closing ensemble of the Temple Scene, the upper reaches of the voice sound especially attractive; and her performance of "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" carries beauty of tone. Miss Stevens's voice, however, is essentially that of a Mignon or Charlotte, pure mezzo-soprano, rather than the dusky contralto needed for a working realization of the temptress. Nature has not given her the vocal black velvet so essential to the part. And so her singing, well molded, remains appealing rather than voluptuous. Clifford Harvuot projects the few lines of the High Priest with good resonance and Ezio Flagello succeeds in vitalizing the usually boring part of the Philistine satrap, Abimilech.

WITHOUT joining the current Donizetti revival movement, mince-elegant in its fondling of old lace, one can still find a good deal to admire in the score of "Linda di Chamounix." This work comes off better via the gramophone (Columbia M3L-403) than in the opera house, as so many visual irritants and implausibilities are removed. The set would be worth hearing for Pierotto's ballad alone, "Per sua madre andò una figlia," bearing the delicately tinted tragic line which Donizetti achieved consistently throughout "Lucia di Lammermoor." The love duet for Linda and Carlo is ingratiating; the overture, sonorous; and, in general, the music should offend no one. But these, on the whole, are not major pleasures.

The revival of a vanished opera like "Linda di Chamounix" is usually sparked by the availability of some great prima donna, in the Callas tradition. Antonietta Stella, who here sings the title role, is no Callas. Her performance is poised and clear, technically able—but, Lord, how uninteresting! Cesare Valletti performs with his usual distinction as Carlo, Renato Capecchi is an engaging Marquis de Montfleury, Fedora Barbieri sings touchingly as Pierotto, Giuseppe Taddei turns in a commanding performance as Antonio, and Giuseppe Modesti brings fine authority to the part of the Prefect. Tullio Serafin, directing the orchestra and chorus of the San Carlo, conducts as though he treasured every moment of this work—and, indeed, his zeal may win new converts for a score which is not without charm.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: "Giselle." Albert Wolff conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2301, $5.98.	As in almost everything else he conducts, Wolff has positive ideas of what he wants to do, and does it with sureness and dispatch. The result is a little more florid and excited a statement of Adam's score than we are accustomed to hear, but it has admirable vitality in its own style. It does not, however, have much to do with the photographs of Alicia Markova and Erik Bruhn in "Giselle" which are presented by way of illustration.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C. Robert Goldsand, piano, with the Frankfurt Orchestra conducted by Carl Bamberger. Urania USD 1035, $5.95.	Messrs. Goldsand and Bamberger have a common view of the music in which they are engaged, always desirable in a collaboration. This tends, however, to solidity as well as sobriety, which are not the first qualities one thinks of relative to this lively work. A touch more of lightness throughout, especially in the finale, would contribute much to a performance which is otherwise estimable. Good stereo.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, "Ruins of Athens" excerpts. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 35606, $4.98.	As recorded lore attests, Beecham was conducting the Beethoven No. 2 with love and understanding when most of his colleagues were not conducting it at all (in the early '30s). The present performance is as good as any of its predecessors, if some of the novelty in his alert management of the finale has now been usurped by others. But there is a sufficiency in the "Ruins of Athens" music, which includes the overture, the original form of the "Turkish March," three choruses, and the final march-chorus "Twine ye garlands." English texts, well sung by the Beecham Choral Society, are utilized.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster WST 14045, $5.98. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6036, $5.98.	There is nothing in Scherchen's treatment of the score to contest the conviction that he has a profound penetration of its essence: hence, the mercurial tempi (it comes out as three scherzi and an andante) may be regarded as the product of a volatile mind impatient of time. The net effect is akin to the early movies in which everyone appeared to be moving on the double quick. Curiously, the slower moving version of Walter carries the "Funeral March" to a completion on side 1, whereas Scherchen's is interrupted. Otherwise there are strong traces of physical effort in Walter's performance, the kind of accents at the top of a rising statement, which remind one of a man who can't wait to reach the top of a hill to put down a heavy burden. There are, of course, typical examples of sensitive statement, but it doesn't add to a powerful "Eroica."
Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in F minor, Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with Symphony of the Air conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. RCA Victor LSC 2265, $5.98.	What value stereo if the basic sound has the boxed-in, tightly unresonant quality heard here? It is identified as a product of Carnegie Hall, but the conditions of damping that were utilized must have affected the normal response of the auditorium. A double pity, since Rubinstein's performance of both works is all finesse and grace, fervor and vitality. Wallenstein is with him in all respects, providing a combination of qualities superior to Rubinstein's previous efforts with the concerto in partnership with Barbirolli and Steinberg.
Delius: "Brigg Fair," "A Song before Sunrise," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," "Summer Night on the River," "Sleigh Ride," "March Caprice," "Intermezzo" ("Fenimore and Gerda"). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7116, $5.98.	The well-known pieces merely confirm what has been generally known for decades: Beecham's ear for the values of Delius is keener than that of any other conductor, with a delicately adjusted sense of how much freedom can be taken, in tempi and dynamics, to complete a pattern of ideas too tenuous to be fully notated. The lesser known pieces have their own charm, especially as realized in the clearly defined reproduction. Special commendation is in order to the fine solo wind and brass players, who provide something more than impersonal precision to their efforts.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 ("From the New World"). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic BC 1026, $5.98. Bruno Walter conducting. Columbia MS 6066, $5.98.	Abetted by the all-out cooperation of his fine orchestra, Szell makes a keenly studied, sometimes convincing, effort to give this much-played work a fresh aspect, renewed musical interest. He has excellent success in the first movement, nearly as much in the second: but he errs toward distortions of tempi and dynamics in the last two (accelerations with crescendos, slowing down with decrescendo). There is some of this also in the Walter version, but also a lumpy kind of conformity which feeds neither interest nor sympathy. The Epic recording is an especially good one, but RCA's Reiner remains preferable as a totality.
Elgar: Variations on Original Theme ("Enigma"). Vaughan Williams: "Fantasia on a Theme of Tallis." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol SP 8383, $5.98.	The first impulse here is to commend Capitol for the fullness of sound realized with the Pittsburgh ensemble; the next, to complain about the arrangement which puts half the variations on one side, half on the other. But it is not improbable that one has to do with the other: the break being a price for the cutting space required for the sound. For my taste, the performance is not good enough to justify the inconvenience. Steinberg's strings sound well in the Tallis fantasia, which is also admirably reproduced.
Gould: "American Salute," Piston: "Incredible Flutist" (excerpts), Bernstein: "Candide" overture, Copland: "Rodeo" dances, Anderson: "Serenata." Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Pops orchestra. Epic BC 1013, $5.98.	Lane is a native of Eagle Pass, Texas, who shows, in this initial effort, a real flair for the chosen literature, and an aptitude for making an orchestra follow his enthusiastic lead. As for the literature, it provides a provocative cross section of American writing by the intellectuals who are not melodists (Gould, Bernstein, Piston) and the melodist who is not an intellectual (Anderson). Copland comes closest to blending the best of these broadly defined categories in "Buckaroo Holiday," "Waltz," and "Hoe Down" from "Rodeo." Attractive sound.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 5, "Pohjola's Daughter." Sir Malcolm Sargent directing the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Capitol SG 7181, $5.98.	The jubilating sounds of the orchestra may, for some, be their own justification and sufficient cause for a purchase. By my valuation of Sibelius, there is more in the music than Sargent clarifies in his performances, the jolly tempi in the symphony and the fine clashing of brass and percussion not adding, really, to a jolly fine performance. The appended tribute from composer to conductor (with "gratitude and admiration") is not wholly convincing, for there are others—of different stripe—for whom he had similar praise.
Stravinsky: Capriccio. Ireland: Concerto in E flat. Colin Horsley, piano, with Basil Cameron conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7183, $5.98.	The appeal of the promising combination is deflated by two things: limited suitability of the performers for the vigorous work of Stravinsky, and the limited vigor of the Ireland, whatever the suitability of the performance. The former condition is the more perplexing for there have been ample recorded sources from which a better idea of Stravinsky's intentions could be derived than these performers demonstrate. The Ireland is more congenial to them. —IRVING KOLODIN

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Lady (for a) Day

BILLIE HOLIDAY, who was born Eleanora Fagan in the rat-run Negro slums of Baltimore on April 7, 1915, and who changed her name to Billie (after Billie Dove, the movie star) Holiday because she loathed everything about her background or for that matter herself, died in Metropolitan Hospital in New York at 3:10 A.M. on July 17, 1959. Her death came as no surprise to anyone who had followed her career even casually during the past few years. Indeed, early in June, soon after she had been admitted to the hospital and the police arrested her there for possessing heroin and posted a guard outside her door ("Why, they even took away her comic books and her *Confidential*," someone close to her said angrily), it appeared to many of her friends that the end was near.

I myself thought she died in mid-June; I was driving into New York City one morning at around 6:45, fiddling with the automobile radio, when the startling sound of Billie singing "Lover Man" (the old Decca record, with Camarata's band behind her) came out of the set. New York early-morning disc jockeys simply do not play Billie Holiday records. They play records by people who stole her techniques and tricks and machine-tooled all the emotion out of them, they play records by the Four Shames and the Four Horrors and the Sub-Debs, but they shrink from playing anything as raw and truthful and full of genuine beauty as Billie Holiday's voice. Therefore, when I heard the record that morning, I assumed automatically she had died and some disc jockey was living his three minutes of atonement. I switched off the set. Later I learned that she had not died, and still later, when she finally did, I learned that I had been wrong about the early-morning men. They all spoke of her in that flat, supersentimental, elliptical, and meaningless argot of the network newswriters, and to hear them mouth their clichés one would have supposed that Doris Day, or Sarah Vaughan, or possibly even the Four Freshmen, had passed on, so sad did they seem to sound.

If the preceding lines seem to have been written by a man slightly overwrought, I do not apologize, but I do explain that it has to be impossible for anyone who loved the work of Billie Holiday to write about her in the objective, pipe-smoking manner of, say, Brooks Atkinson. Some of what she was at bottom transmitted itself into her listeners, whether they wanted it or not. Her biographer and friend, William Dufty, wrote a short series about her for *The New York Post* soon after she died; in it he kept hammering away at her honesty and passion for the truth. It struck me, as I read his pain-wracked pieces,

that perhaps part of the reason she turned to heroin was that her inability to be anything but truthful may have been more than even she could endure; the drugs may have helped her believe she had found the truth as she wished it had been. I don't know about that. I do know that her agonized outcries on her early records, the bawls and shouts that came not from her mouth but from everything inside her, offended more people than they pleased. Her voice was harsh; it rasped at words like a tool to tell the truth, bending them to the truth as she felt it, and that may have been why she never achieved the audience that, say, the sweet-voiced (and all but emotionless) Ella Fitzgerald or the pseudo-passionate (and all but tuneless) Sarah Vaughan, both had.

It was no accident that she began to call herself Lady Day. It was only natural for her to want to think of herself as a queen, and her imperious entries into nightclubs (dog at her side), her demands for treatment worthy of a regal personage, plus some of the scenes she made when she felt she was not getting her due, can be explained not by her addiction but by those drives she used the heroin to cover up. The irony need not be stated. Her life in conflict with society sent her into addiction, and society then punished her. The various arrests, the periods in hospitals, the denial of the right to work were all mere symptoms of something wrong, not only with her but with a good many of us. The French and English have many a good laugh over our unconsciously satirical behavior. We produce the tensions that make our only native American music, we enjoy the music up to a point, and then, as though we were at bottom afraid to see ourselves, we punish those who react to the tensions.

Enough speculation. We couldn't punish the music out of her. It is there on records for all to hear. There were those who felt, in the two years before her death, that she was singing better than ever. Certainly in the past twenty years she had absorbed enough to release emotions that were more intense than those she felt when first she began to sing.

She died the way too many pioneers of jazz apparently have to die (how did Bessie Smith die? Bix Beiderbecke? Charlie Parker? Lester Young?), except that she had a little more money than they; she had, Dufty wrote, seventy cents in the bank and $750 in $50 bills taped to her leg. They laid her out in an undertaker's parlor and put a gardenia in her hair (she always wore one when she sang). About 1,000 people turned up to view the body, and another time that many went to her funeral. "It was a lot like Bird's funeral," one jazz critic said bitterly. "The kind of thing where a lot of people went to be seen." Unlike the last rites for Charlie Parker, to which he was referring, it was not marked by squabbles (two of Parker's wives argued over the possession of his body, which had lain unclaimed in the city morgue for twenty-four hours). It was a conventionally solemn occasion, but there were those who felt that it was not quite fitting; that none of the usual clichés were proper for this immensely talented, admirably rebellious, appallingly honest and hysterically self-destructive woman. Someone recalled the remark that Eddie Condon once made about Bix Beiderbecke. "Bix died of *everything*," he said. So did Billie.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J.B: Ouverture in D. Zimbler Sinfonietta, with Richard Burgin conducting. Bach, W.F.E: Sextet in E flat. Boston BST 1006, $5.95.	Very few music lovers have heard of either of these Bachs (Johann Bernard or Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst), even less of their music. Each shows a solid command of the idiom of his time, which adds to more interest in the earlier (1676-1749) one's ouverture than in the latter's (1759-1845) sextet. Actually a Mozart-style divertimento, the sextet is finely played by a group of Boston Symphony men.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Op. 23, Op. 24, Op. 30, No. 3. Noël Lee, piano, and Paul Makanowitzky, violin. Vanguard VRS 1038, $5.95. Sonatas Opus 30, No. 1, and No. 2. The same. VRS 1039, $5.95.	To challenge the standards of such a duo as Clara Haskil and Arthur Grumiaux in the same literature is to assume much in competence and artistry. Lee and Makanowitzky quickly establish their competence and, gradually, their artistry, which is of a rather more robust sort than that of their older colleagues. In addition, their ensemble is more than the sum of individual excellencies—rather a fact of, and by, itself, which adds a considerable measure of interest to the works they play. Joints have been polished, entrances perfected to a rare degree. How this craftsmanship suits later works is awaited with interest.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Op. 109, 110. Dame Myra Hess, piano. Angel 35705, $4.98.	If recordings by Dame Myra are not quite the rarities they were at one time, they are still infrequent enough to be recognized as an Event, especially when she devotes herself to works of this substance. Perhaps for the very reason that recording for her is not a routine matter, Hess achieves something more than a facile performance—a real communication of atmosphere and sentiment. Doubtless there are pianists who play these works with more power, a higher score of note-precision, but she has something to convey that is unique. Fine reproduction.
Beethoven: Quartets in E flat (Op. 74) (Op. 127). Tátrai Quartet. Telefunken TCS 18025, 18026, $3.98 each.	The price-conscious should know that the playing, professional though it is, doesn't strike me as fulfilling the requirements of the music in either case. Or let it be said that the style of performance deals more with superficialities than profundities, a perilous preference in such a work as Opus 127. In such circumstances it doesn't matter whether the reproduction of the Budapest-derived ensemble is in stereo or not.
Bonporti: Concerti a Quattro, Op. 11 (Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 8). I Musici, Roberto Michelucci, violin, and Enzo Altobelli, cello. Epic LC 3542, $4.98.	Were this disc labeled otherwise, it might be counted one of the more rewarding products of the Vivaldi revival, for Francesco Antonio Bonporti of Trento (1672-1749) commands many of the skills of the great Venetian, if not his abundance of creative impulse. But the anonymous commentator who commends the slow movement of No. 5 in F as "one of the greatest pages of eighteenth-century music" has my enthusiastic agreement. It is a sequence of statements by the solo violin above a shifting harmonic background which combines a high sense of order with a strong compulsion to improvisation—an absorbing formula for excellence in any art form, when fully realized. The flow and plasticity of the performance is a constant factor throughout, even if the level of creativity (elsewhere) isn't.
Brahms: Rhapsodies in G minor and E flat, Capriccios Op. 76, No. 1 and Op. 116, No. 1, Intermezzi Op. 76, No. 3, Op. 117, No. 2, and Op. 119, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P 8485, $4.98.	There is an ingratiating affinity in Firkusny's pianistic personality for the twilight moods of Brahms, exemplified here by some well-known examples too casual to be called "reveries." But when he is called upon to deal with the daylit contentions of the G-minor and E-flat Rhapsodies, in which there are emotional issues to be resolved, Firkusny lacks the musical muscle to control the interplay of forces. This is not wholly a matter of tone production—though Firkusny's is none too sizable—but also of attitude and inclination which lead to softening outlines and understating clearly marked dynamic values.
Haydn: Quartets Op. 71 (Nos. 1 and 2) and Op. 74 (No. 1). Griller Quartet. Vanguard VSD 2034, $5.95. Opus 71 (No. 3) and Opus 74 (Nos. 2 and 3). The same. Vanguard VSD 2033, $5.95.	If there is an alloy in the pleasure of these two discs, it is in the distribution which makes neither a full statement of the contents in the two opus numbers. In his otherwise excellent annotations, Abraham Veinus makes much of a belief that the six quartets are part of a single sequence, which is the more reason for arranging them consecutively. In any case, the works of Opus 74 impress me as more consistently interesting, with the indicated preference in this instance. None of this applies to the consistently excellent work of the quartet, which has developed a fine direct way of playing Haydn, sparing nothing of fullness or brio where it is wanted, dealing lightly in significance where it is inappropriate. The sound of the quartet could hardly be bettered were it self-delivered.
Lehar: "Le Pays du Sourire." Michel Dens, Liliane Berton, etc., with Marcel Cariven conducting. Pathé DTX 30117, $5.95.	The title disguises "Land des Lächelns" (or "Land of Smiles") but the treatment reveals a strongly sympathetic feeling for the musical idiom, transformed by the French text, tempi and talent into a superior specimen of their own *opéra comique*. It should, of course, be recalled that the first act takes place in Paris, and Lehar had a long affinity with the Parisian atmosphere dating back to "Merry Widow" and Maxim's. Dens makes much of the tenor's opportunities, Berton is a charming soubrette, and Claudine Collart improves the opportunities of Mi. Virtually all the cherishable pages are included, climaxed, of course, by "Yours is my heart alone." Very agreeable reproduced quality.
Paladilhe: "Psyche," Hahn: "Si mes vers avaient des ailes," Massenet: "Il est doux, il est bon" ("Hérodiade"), etc. Grace Moore, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier, and others. Camden Cal 519, $1.98.	There are those who contend that Grace Moore was a thin-voiced singer of no serious accomplishments, others who rated her as a still developing artist when her career was curtailed by an airplane crash in 1947. Both will draw support from this disc which, indiscriminately, shows Moore in the earlier phase of "Du Barry" ("The Du Barry" and "I Give My Heart") circa 1932 and the fuller flower of "Il est doux" and Duparc's "Phidylé." Not lacking, of course, are "Ciribiribin," Kreisler's "Old Refrain" (with some particularly inane words) and Berlin's "Always." There is, of course, an additional Moore repertory on other labels, which would alter somewhat the sketchy outline presented in the notes of Francis Robinson.
Schubert: Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Frank Glazer, piano, with members of the Fine Arts Quartet and Harold Siegel, double bass. Concert Disc CS 206, $6.95.	Clean cut, animated performance, which makes the main points of Schubert's masterwork with some precision and occasional finesse. Glazer respects his place in the score save for some variations of movement IV in which he chooses to show off his finger facility. It's an odd flash in the pan of the otherwise truly golden score and performance cool-headed, warm-hearted and sure-footed. The stereo opportunities are used to the end of superior total sound, putting this in a top category with the Vanguard issue in which Denis Matthews is affiliated with the strings of the Vienna Konzerthaus ensemble.
Schumann: Quartet in E flat, Op. 47. Beethoven: Quartet in E flat, Op. 16. Festival Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2200, $4.98.	As specialists within the special realm of chamber music, the Goldberg-Primrose-Graudan-Babin team has developed a community of impulse and blend of sound rarely heard in this kind of combination. In addition, both works are delivered with a zest and vitality which give them a new-as-the-morning freshness. Very gratifying sound. —I. K.

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Sweet, Sweeter, Sweetest

NOAH GREENBERG and the New York Pro Musica go on increasing the debt of gratitude already owed them by partisans of choral music of the past. On a stereophonic Decca record (DL 79404, $5.98) entitled "Sacred Music of Thomas Tallis," they perform the motet "In jejunio et fletu," "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," and a four-voice Mass. "Sweet," in the meaning felt by English poets of the sixteenth century, is the adjective that best evokes both the fabric of Tallis's polyphony and the Pro Musica performance. The recording breathes the intimacy of concerted song in a small, well-proportioned room. The singing is dominated, and often led, by the crystalline countertenor of Russell Oberlin, well joined by the tenor Charles Bressler, the baritone Gordon Myers, and the bass Brayton Lewis. In the Mass, viols are discreetly added, doubling the voices, replacing them, and briefly purling along alone. Joel Newman's notes are informative and, to me, persuasive except when he calls Tallis "a great master." The composer so charmingly presented on this record is surely a small master, rather, lacking as he does the depths and unpredictable flights of imagination which constitute the greatness, for example, of his contemporary and friend, William Byrd. Full texts in Latin and complete English translations are supplied.

The sound of sacred music in the spaces of a church is to be heard in the Netherlands Chamber Choir's excellent reading of Tomás Luis de Victoria's "Officium Defunctorum," or Mass for the Dead, composed in 1603 for the funeral of the Empress María, widow of Maximilian II. The record (Angel 35668, $4.98) also contains three short pieces by Victoria: "Popule meus" from the "Improperia," published in 1685, and two Christmas responsories: "O magnum mysterium" and "Pastores loquebantur," all led by Felix de Nobel with the same unfailing insight into musical and verbal meaning which he shows in the Mass. Victoria is indeed a great master, and he reached the summit of his mastery in this requiem. Jeremy Noble's brief, informative notes are joined to the complete texts in Latin and Greek, with English translations.

Columbia stereophonic record MS 6048 ($5.98) presents Robert Craft conducting five singers and four

Fischer-Dieskau—"one of the greatest small moments in Bach."

string-players in canzonettas, madrigals, galliards, *sacrae cantiones,* and psalms by Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa (1560-1613). Although the sleeve of this second Gesualdo-Craft collaboration (the first is Columbia ML 5234) comes wreathed in praise from Igor Stravinsky, Ernst Křenek, Nadia Boulanger, and Luigi Dallapiccola, extensive notes by Craft, and a document translated by Aldous Huxley, I am not intimidated: I find all this, including the twenty-one short pieces by Gesualdo, much of a muchness. The Prince of Venosa was, of course, a startling innovator there in the dawn of homophony, and for his daring he deserves honor. But much of his music is willful, overwrought, and, at last, monotonous, all qualities that seem to me to be underlined damagingly by Robert Craft's stiff, hieratic conducting. I should call this record a lecture demonstration, a piece of tendentious special pleading, rather than a musical pleasure.

WE STEP into a more spacious, more grandly human musical world through Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's selection of cantata arias by Johann Sebastian Bach (Angel 35698, $4.98), in which he is supported by the Berlin Philarmonic Orchestra and, in the appended chorales, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin. The miscellany contains Cantata No. 158 complete, as well as recitatives, arias, and chorales from Nos. 8, 13, 73, 157, and 159, all of them supplying enduring wonders to listen to. It stands high above many similar recordings chiefly for the justice with which Fischer-Dieskau adapts his not always winning voice to one of the greatest small moments in all of Bach, the aria beginning "Es ist vollbracht" from Cantata No. 159 (not at all the same kind of music as the contralto "Es ist vollbracht" in the St. John Passion). Jeremy Noble has written excellent notes, complete with the texts as sung, and sensible English translations.

MANY years, a culture, and a religion away from Tallis, Victoria, Gesualdo, and Bach is Tchaikovsky's Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, which is sung on Westminster (XWN 18727, $4.98), by the Cathedral Choir of the Holy Virgin Protection Cathedral of New York City, conducted by its founder, Nicholas Afonsky. This remarkable, intensely Russian work for mixed voices *a cappella* was composed in 1878 and sung at Kiev in 1879. It aroused the wrath of the Director of the Imperial Chapel, who confiscated the published score under an old regulation that no religious work not recognized by the Chapel could be sold or performed in Russia. The publisher, Jurgenson, sued the Director for damages, and in 1879 won his case. The Liturgy was repeated privately at the Moscow Conservatory in December 1879, after which occasion Tchaikovsky wrote Mme. von Meck: "The chorus sang superbly, and I experienced one of the sweetest moments of my musical career." When the Russian Musical Society dared to perform it publicly at a concert a few weeks later, the Bishop of Moscow violently attacked Tchaikovsky for having composed it at all. But the Liturgy won out in the end—as well it might, being one of Tchaikovsky's finest works, a compelling and noble setting of a fascinating text. The recorded performance suffers only occasionally from the inadequacies in some of the singers.

Westminster has recorded the choir well, but has supplied vague, anonymous notes including the text in Russian and English, but not—surely essential with all Russian-language works—a phonetic transliteration that alone would enable non-Russian listeners to follow the sung text. Nevertheless (and though one number from the Liturgy appears to have been omitted), this recording adds new shadow and light to the musical presence of Tchaikovsky.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Pre-Centenary Mahler

By ALEXANDER L. RINGER

THE celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Mahler's birth less than a year hence will undoubtedly produce a flurry of new recordings, especially so since it is hoped that by then the International Mahler Society will have made available a few of the composer's own reorchestrations. Meanwhile, one is happy to report on a number of current, generally successful ventures. Mahler's brilliant orchestration and the sheer quantity of vocal-instrumental forces assembled stamp his Second Symphony rather obvious stereo fare. Of the two stereo versions now available, one (Columbia) is directed by Bruno Walter, the composer's apostle for over sixty years, the other by the equally dedicated but frequently erratic Hermann Scherchen (Westminster). Scherchen gets off to an impressive start and turns the finale into a truly apocalyptic vision, but the dance movements lack the necessary lilt, while the *very solemn, but simple* "Urlicht" song has become so solemn as to obscure its naïve simplicity. Least understandable is the dragging tempo of the third movement, since Mahler's quotation of the satirical "Fish Sermon" from the *Wunderhorn* songs furnishes an unmistakable clue regarding the general spirit in which it was conceived. Thus, although Scherchen conducts on the whole with a great deal of love and imagination, the Walter set with its rhythmic drive and tight tempi creates more pure musical excitement most of the time. Where the score indicates *vorwaerts*, Walter really moves ahead, aware that Mahler's art rests squarely upon his miraculous sense of time which he manipulated like few symphonists after Beethoven, and that any attempt to associate him with the "timeless" Bruckner is fraught with interpretive danger. Neither recording may claim anything approaching stereo perfection. The uneven sound of the Westminster set was further marred by a brief one-channel failure on side three of the review copy (the defect has reportedly been corrected since). And yet, the tremendous challenge of the finale has been met satisfactorily as a whole. The opening double pianissimo of the chorus, for example, emerges as from infinity in rich soft sonorities that are sorely missed in the otherwise rather close-up Columbia version. The principal soloists, Lucretia West (Westminster) and Maureen Forrester (Columbia) give sensitive performances in both instances, but the richer strings of the New York Philharmonic easily outshine their counterparts in the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.

Paul Kletzki adds the Fourth Symphony to his growing Mahler catalogue on Angel Records. His interpretation of this "Heavenly Life" score matches the late van Beinum's standard version in many respects. But while his soloist, Emmy Loose, easily tops Margaret Ritchie in sturdiness of tone and general conception, the matter-of-fact sound of the Philharmonia Orchestra does not quite match the glow of the Mahler-impregnated Concertgebouw.

A strange but fascinating rendition of the Fifth Symphony comes from Everest. Rudolf Schwarz conducts in a leisurely, well-planned fashion that is often, especially in the fast movements, diametrically opposed to Bruno Walter's martial conception. The little-known conductor, who has been rebuilding in England a continental career all but destroyed by the Nazis, violates the letter of the work more than once, as when he disregards Mahler's two-half signature for the second movement and proceeds quietly to beat in four, not to speak of the Rondo-Finale in which Walter literally runs away from both Schwarz and a Scherchen at his very best. Still, although Schwarz overemphasizes the *Gemuetlichkeit* of his native Vienna at the expense of Mahler's Jewish-intellectual passion, the total experience is a rewarding one. Part of the credit must go to Everest's engineers, whose monaural set exceeds most stereo discs in tonal clarity (a stereo version is also available, however). Above all, the London Symphony responds extremely well to Schwarz's loving care of detail and obvious sense of musical architecture.

Mahler — "the first modern musical existentialist."

SINCE Rudolph Schwarz chose to disregard Mahler's explicit statement that "my symphony, the V., lasts hardly three quarters of an hour," the Everest recording occupies four sides fully, leaving no space for an added bonus like the Adagio from the Tenth Symphony, which further increases the value of Scherchen's beautifully paced rendition on Westminster. Fortunately, Epic has just released George Szell's magistral performance of the composer's last two completed movements. In the Adagio, the priceless strings of the great Cleveland Orchestra in full, if somewhat superfluous, stereo glory produce a truly haunting impression of ultimate resignation. Once more man stands before us in all his pitiful nakedness, asking a myriad questions, unable to grasp. But where previously he had alternatingly lifted his finger in violent accusation against his Maker and praised him ecstatically for the promise of a brighter future, he now accepts with but the faint resemblance of a protest. Thus considered the Adagio is complete in itself. Nothing else is required, certainly not the tacking-on of the brief interludelike Scherzo simply because it happens to exist in manuscript.

"The standards of humanity will have to be added to those of art if the creative work of Mahler is to be fully appreciated," Bruno Walter has written. The innocuous Walton Partita on the reverse side of the Epic record is hardly required to shock one into the realization that Mahler was not just a "composer." He was the first modern musical existentialist, which is precisely what renders him inaccessible even today to the "flock of sheep," who prefer not to be hurt by what they do not see or hear. By the same token one has to be no prophet to predict that his gigantic visions will become ever more meaningful to all men of good will who are ready to brave "the stormy flight of our great times."

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

UNDIGNIFIED ATTACK

IRVING KOLODIN'S ATTACK on the Spoleto Festival [*SR* July 25] was undignified and offensive in the extreme. If, as Associate Editor of *SR*, Mr. Kolodin chooses to editorialize on Mores, Manners, and Morals of Mankind, that is no doubt his privilege. But when writing as music critic about Music to My Ears, let him stick to the matter in hand, namely Music, and leave out preciosities and prejudices (his own and others').

ALBERT FAUROT.

Dumaguete City, P. I.

PALE CAST OF QUEERNESS

THE ARTICLE ON the Festival in Spoleto in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* was a very interesting one and for many reasons. No doubt you are going to become the target of much criticism, but I would like to express my warmest admiration to you for having the courage to begin to expose in print this question of the "boys" in the field of music. One can but hope that someone will begin to take an axe as well to the legitimate theatre, not to mention a growing collection of opera houses. It seems to me a great tragedy that a vibrant, healthy art is becoming "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of queerness. Congratulations again.

FRANCIS MADEIRA.

Providence, R. I.

ANTHOLOGY AVAILABLE

RE DANIEL MARRO'S query in regard to the HMV reissue of the Gigli anthology [*SR* July 25], the number of the record is HMV ALP-1681. If he doesn't wish to wait for the possible Angel release, he may obtain the record from Quality Mart, 8 Dartmouth Park Avenue, London NW5, for approximately $4.50 (AE money order), plus duty upon delivery.

RUSSELL E. OPPENHEIM.

San Antonio, Tex.

ORDERING FROM ENGLAND

DANIEL MARRO asks for information concerning the Gigli recital mentioned in "The Other Side" [*SR* June 27]. I have no way of knowing whether HMV plans to release the record in this country, but I can tell Mr. Marro how to order it from England. Choosing a name at random from an English magazine some months back, I ordered a record from

Rare Records Group
5-7 Barton Square
Manchester 2, England.

I was given good service then and have in the past month received the Gigli record in question. Called "The Best of Gigli" (HMV ALP 1681), it consists of standard arias both Italian and French (the latter sung in Italian with occasionally strange results). "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Tosca," "Faust," "Manon," and "Pearl-

(*Continued on page* 50)

AUGUST: IN STEREO ON

ANGEL

'THE GIRL'

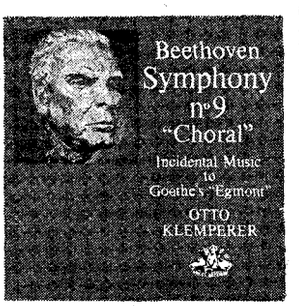
The "Wild West," as Puccini saw it after his first visit to the U.S. in 1905, was more exciting than "Gunsmoke" —certainly more melodic! In this "golden" new *La Scala Opera* recording for Angel of "Girl of the Golden West," *Birgit Nilsson* sings Minnie, the saloon-keeper, with *João Gibin* as Bandit Dick Johnson, *Andrea Mongelli* as Sheriff Jack Rance. "Excellent production...to be accepted as authoritative" (Gramophone). La Scala Orchestra and Chorus conducted by *Lovro von Matacic*, who makes his U.S. debut this fall.

3 records, with libretto **Angel (S) 3593 C/L**

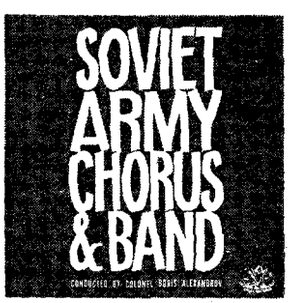
KLEMPERER'S 'NINTH'

Reviewers on two continents have acclaimed Klemperer's recording of The Ninth as "a great recording of the century" (Brit. Record News)..."Homeric! What more can one want, except *stereo?*" (Hi-Fi Music Review). NOW—HEAR IT IN ANGEL STEREO! Klemperer, at the pinnacle of his art, conducting the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus. Soloists: Lövberg, Ludwig, Kmentt, Hotter. Bonus: Music from "Egmont," Birgit Nilsson, Soloist.

Angel (S) 3577-B



More Klemperer in Angel Stereo: Beethoven Symphonies No. 1 and No. 8 **(S) 35657**
Brahms Symphony No. 4 **(S) 35546**



THE ROUSING 200

Just about the lustiest bunch of bassos, brasses, balalaikas and ebullience you'll ever hear in stereo! The Soviet's hand-picked, carefully schooled chorus and band are conducted by Col. Boris Alexandrov in 13 songs, including the Volga Boatman, Russian love songs, and a thunderous Soldier's Chorus from Russian opera. Worth the price of the *whole* album is their treatment of *Tipperary*, in bouncy English music-hall style, with tremolo "intros" by the balalaikas! **Angel (S) 35411**

GILBERT & SULLIVAN—IN STEREO!

"What, never? Hardly ever"...such a treat as this!

H.M.S. PINAFORE Brand new, full of fun! Starring George Baker, John Cameron, Richard Lewis, Owen Brannigan, James Milligan, Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, and Monica Sinclair (as "poor Buttercup").

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting *all-star all-British cast*, plus the *Pro Arte Orchestra* and the famed *Glyndebourne Festival Chorus* (which expertly provides sisters and cousins and aunts by the dozens).

2 records with delightfully illus. libretto **Angel (S) 3589 B/L**

AND MORE...RECORDED IN EUROPE FOR ANGEL STEREO

OISTRAKH
As Soloist

With the Philharmonia Orchestra.
Mozart Concerto No. 3 in G, K. 216
Russia's greatest violinist plays his own cadenzas *and* conducts!
Prokofiev Concerto No. 2 in G minor, Op. 63
Alceo Galliera conducting. **Angel (S) 35714**

In the David Oistrakh Trio
Schubert Trio No. 1 in B flat
Oistrakh with Lev Oborin, piano, and Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, 'cello.
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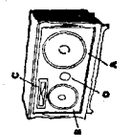

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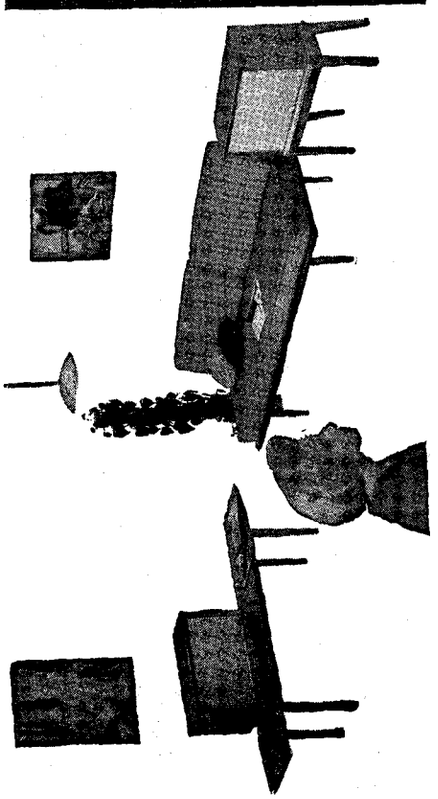

THE AMEN CORNER

George Did It

I THINK back to the opening night of "Porgy and Bess" in Boston in 1935. It was an affectionate occasion, with some of the cast climbing over George Gershwin when he took his bow, and the warmth, the superior sentimentality of the music has lingered through the years. For a long time there was a good deal of concern in some quarters as to whether Gershwin had had the *right* to compose a Negro opera (those were days when musical pleasure was often under fire from the sociologists and politicians), as to whether it was an opera at all, as to whether the whole thing had better not be dismissed as a nice but overly ambitious try. Well, nearly a quarter century has passed and we are left with some things we had in the first place: a number of sustained, sweetly turned melodies that reveal a lot of loving care and skill on the part of the composer. In the meantime, they have come to hang upon the American air. I, for one, have no desire to talk about "Porgy and Bess" sociologically, politically, or semantically. What was an affectionate occasion for me remains one whenever the music is sympathetically and subtly rendered.

And that is very much the case in the LP "The Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess" conducted, orchestrated and arranged by Bill Potts, long a resident of the Washington, D.C., area. This is the finest solid jazz treatment of "Porgy" themes I can remember. Potts has taken any possible curse of saccharinity off "Porgy" by writing the kind of scores that reward the sturdiest and yet most fastidious brass and reed playing, and the big, all-star band that plays them has such molten power, so many vigorously improvising soloists, that I should give the personnel at length: Trumpets—Art Farmer, Harry Edison, Bernie Glow, Markie Markowitz, Charlie Shavers; Trombones—Bob Brookmeyer, Frank Rehak, Jimmy Cleveland, Earl Swope, Rod Levitt; Saxophones—Sol Schlinger, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Phil Woods, Gene Quill; Guitar—Herbie Powell; Drums—Charlie Persip; Piano—Bill Evans; Bass—George Duvivier. Delights much too numerous to itemize are all over the record's thirteen tracks, but to me a medley of minor themes ("Prayer," "Strawberries," "Honey Man" and "Crab Man") is among the high points of the disc (United Artists UAL 4032).

For high tenderness of the singing voice in "Porgy's" leading melodies, I can recommend Diahann Carroll, with André Previn at the piano, and rhythm (United Artists UAL 4021). Miss Carroll is, I gather, something of a rage at the moment, from TV to supper clubs, and I hope she will not lose the qualities of heart and intimacy that appear in this LP.

Preceded by a splendid cover portrait of his expansive form, the alto saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley gives another florescent account of himself in "Cannonball Takes Charge" (Riverside 12-303). The observations that I made on him last month—that he was often too rococo for my taste, but captivating in skill and spirit—have much less relevance in this case. Here I will settle for the captivation, and this applies, too, to his side men, with the inventive Wynton Kelly at the piano.

A *cause célèbre* in jazz circles just now is the pianist Cecil Taylor, who appears this month with Earl Griffith, vibra-harp; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Dennis Charles, drums (Contemporary M 3562). Among traditional jazz men, Taylor is presumably anathema. Among modern jazz men, he has his admirers and his detractors. He is a New Yorker thoroughly trained at the New York College of Music and the New England Conservatory, given to extreme dissonantal composition and improvising. He does not consider that he has been atonal on records—"It depends . . . on your definition"—but says he has been "on occasion in live performances." Much of the comment on Taylor in the jazz press seems to proceed from the notion that it is possible for the commentator, on the basis of some hypothetical impersonal standard (I don't know where such exists) to decide whether Taylor is or is not making a valuable contribution. I would say, on the other hand, that Taylor's extremely unfamiliar, thickly textured, highly improvisatory music deserves to be lived with a good while until the listener comes to approve it or get along without it. Here is an original, complicated man, and he will take some knowing. So far as Taylor is concerned, I will put down one tentative impression: that in the mazes of his invention, against a steady pulsation of the drums, the factor of swing, often called the *sine qua non* of jazz, tends to disappear.—WILDER HOBSON.

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Which Came First?

Continued from page 33

permitted by the Nazis to be produced at the Royal Opera House in Copenhagen. This song came "to be something like a resistance hymn in Nazi-occupied Denmark—ever since the evening when, after the grimly boastful routine broadcast of the German army's usual victory communique, the secret Danish underground radio had cheerfully cut in with a significant 'It Ain't Necessarily So.' . . ."*

"DON'T BE A WOMAN IF YOU CAN." This title is a paraphrase of an oft-quoted remark by a turn-of-the-century songwriter. I met Dave Clark in the early Twenties at the billiard and pool parlor on Fifty-second Street—a hangout frequented nightly by songwriters. Clark was always neatly dressed, clean-shaven, and soft-spoken, even though over the years the poor chap's brain had become disordered. He was supported by contributions from the boys and a publisher or two, but he had his dignity and definite notions on quotas, so wouldn't accept more than what he considered correct. Once when I tried offering him a dollar—others gave him more—he shook his head and took only the usual quarter. (I like to think this sum was not his measure of me as a songwriter, but that either I was a newcomer or wasn't doing too well financially.)

Despite his mental handicap, every once in a great while Dave would turn out a new song—with words somewhat Gertrude Steinish to 1905-ish music—for a show he intended calling "The All-Set Waltzette Revue." Harry Warren still remembers several of them. One, "Lazy Lou," began its verse with:

Cotton time in Georgia
Is the name he knew the place . . .

and the chorus ended with:

The echo from the valley moon
Sounds its voice like tender tune—
(a sequence of chime chords, then:)
He was known as Lazy Lou.

Sometimes Harry, to please Dave, would play one of the songs, and would invariably be complimented with: "You played it better than Paderewski meant it." A publisher Dave didn't take to was "a faint little man;" of another annoyer he said, "I never liked him and I always will." Once when I greeted him on Forty-seventh Street he told me he was "going down to Twenty-third Street to see what time it is." (All I could make of this was that the four big clocks on the Metropolitan Life Insurance Tower were the ones to trust.)

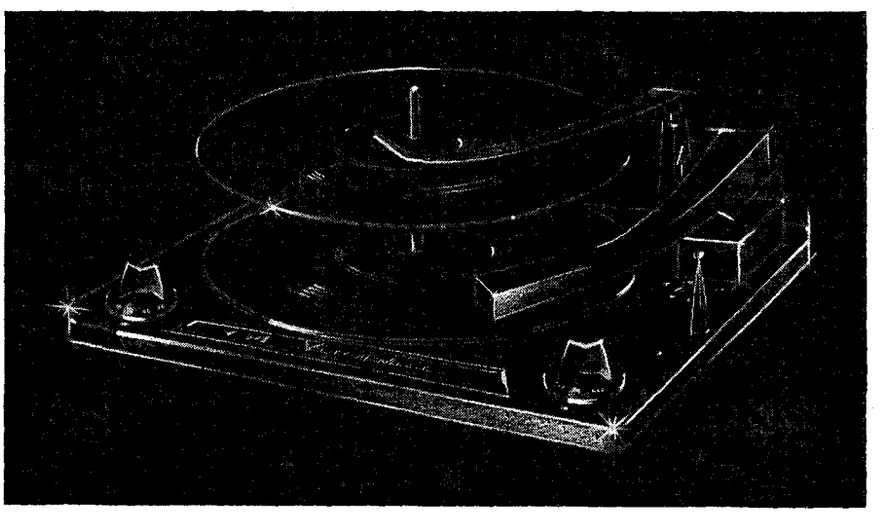
Even before I knew Dave I'd heard of his liking a Broadway show and recommending it to many with: "Don't miss it if you can." Had he been around in the Forties I doubt that he would have been displeased by my paraphrasing his most quoted line for use as a song title. Perhaps he might even have elevated me to the dollar donor class.

"I SUGGESTED." Whether to Kurt or George or others, there must be, without counting, at least half a dozen uses of "I suggested" among my "informative annotations." These aren't put in for any credit-claiming purposes. If, once in a great while in deliberations with the composer, a short musical phrase came to me as a possibility and was found acceptable to my collaborator, that didn't make me a composer. More often than not, as in "Sing Me Not a Ballad," my suggestion arose from some musical phrase of the composer's own, which he had overlooked or whose potentiality he was unaware of. Here is example number two.

Sometime in the middle Twenties, my brother and I spent three weeks or so with librettist Herbert Fields on a musical to be called "The Big Charade." I forget now why this project was dropped. Anyhow, we did some work on it, including a pseudo-medieval march called "Trumpets of Belgravia." Years later, when "Of Thee I Sing" was being written, my brother was dissatisfied with several starts he had made for the opening—a political campaign marching theme, which inevitably had to be titled "Wintergreen for President." One day, out of the blue, I found myself humming these seven syllables to the exact rhythm and tune of the cast-behind "Trumpets of Belgravia, / Sing ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra. . . ." When I suggested this tune to its composer, his approval was nonverbal but physical. He immediately went to the piano and "Trumpets of Belgravia" became the serendipitous musical start of "Wintergreen for President."

Conclusion? The lyricist needn't be a musician, but if he is musically inclined he can sometimes be of help to the composer. (Not that the composer can't be of help with suggestions to the lyricist but, in my experience, alas, rarely. Really.)

(Cf. Fred M. Hechinger, "American Goods Preferred," *Harper's*, December 1950, p. 81.)



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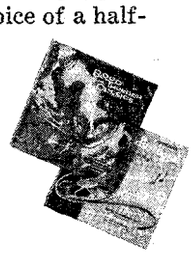

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Mozart from Aix

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

NEW RECORDINGS of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" have arrived, both issued by the French company Pathé in three and four record albums respectively (DTX 206/8 and DTX 218/21). Actually, the records are new to the American market rather than new in fact, for "Figaro" was recorded at a performance during the 1955 Aix-en-Provence Festival, and "Don Giovanni" was done in conjunction with the same festival the following summer (not, however, at an actual performance). Pathé records, by the way, are not sold here in special export editions: you get them just as you would in France, labeled in French, with a French translation of the Italian libretto, and so on.

"Figaro," as I have mentioned, is an actual performance. This means there is applause, which does not bother me, and it means you hear the sound of the rattling of Cherubino's song manuscript, of Cherubino knocking things over in the Countess's closet, of Susanna slapping Figaro's face, and it means that voices according to their stage placement approach and recede in a kind of prestereophonic reality that is very attractive.

The Almavivas are played here by Heinz Rehfuss and Teresa Stich-Randall. Rehfuss is very good (though he does shirk the F-sharp at the end of his aria), and I may even be underestimating him because of the extraordinary imprint on my mind of Schoeffler's great performance on the Epic recording. Stich-Randall's is an interpretation radiant with dramatic and musical understanding—you will have to go a long way to hear some of the recitatives more intelligently projected, and the musicality of her syncopations in "Porgi amor" is something rare indeed—but the vocal mannerisms sometimes get in the way.

If dramatically "Figaro" hinges on the Count and Countess, vocally the most crucial role is that of Susanna, and Rita Streich does it just beautifully here. It was interesting to compare her performance here with the one she recorded for Epic under Karl Böhm the following spring, and to find that her Italian was better in Aix than in Vienna, and that musically and vocally she did an even finer job in 1956 than in 1955. Rolando Panerai is an excellent Figaro, Pilar Lorengar a most attractive Cherubino. Marcello Cortis does not make much of his opportunities as Bartolo, but on the whole the smaller roles are far better cast here than in any other current recording, with special glory, laud, and honor, to Hugues Cuénod for his singularly oily and repulsive Don Basilio.

Hans Rosbaud conducts alertly and intelligently, but without persuading that he and "Figaro" are made for each other. Rosbaud's taste in embellishments is not mine (nor, I rather think, Mozart's), and a comparison of the recitative "E Susanna non vien?" sung here by Stich-Randall as written and as sung on the Epic record by Jurinac with all the added appoggiaturas is instructive, not to say devastating.

The "Don Giovanni" set, I must, I am afraid, write off as something near to a total failure. It just does not work. Again we have the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, playing rather more acceptably here, and Rosbaud conducts, not badly, but not outstandingly well. The title role is sung by Antonio Campo, who handles his assignment with a gravity and solemnity that would be above and beyond the call of duty even for Ramfis or Sarastro. And given that, the whole proposition is just about hopeless. Marcello Cortis, the Leporello, is distinguished only by some offensive clowning, especially in the Catalogue Aria. Nicolai Gedda is a limp Don Ottavio, not effective vocally, but rather more attentive to niceties of style than most of his colleagues. Donna Anna is taken by the puzzling Stich-Randall, capable of a really thrilling delivery of "Don Ottavio, son morta," but capable also of laying waste "Non mi dir" first with her cautious hooting, later with her flippant (as well as sloppy) coloraturas in the cabaletta. Suzanne Danco vocalizes the part of Donna Elvira as well as anyone I have heard, but an Elvira cool as a cucumber is a curio rather than a performance. This leaves Anna Moffo as a pleasant Zerlina, and André Vessières and Raffaele Arié as an adequate Masetto and Commendatore respectively. Put all together, it leaves this listener with an experience he would never have anticipated: listening to "Don Giovanni" bored him to the brink of despair!

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TWO OF THE LATEST works released in the Louisville Series—by Colin McPhee and Sir Arthur Bliss—are worlds apart in content and procedure. Though given only second billing, the McPhee work is a kind of masterpiece; his English elder's is something other than that.

Blissfully unaware of time and change, Sir Arthur treats us to a discourse that rambles on somewhat like an after-dinner speech. "As in all speeches, there are a few anecdotes and small digressions," Bliss states in his brief program note, which confirms one's impression of its "after-dinner" character. It is divided into six sections, which are entitled: a preliminary survey; a more disturbing view; a gayer one; a contemplative one; an emphatic one; a restatement of the subject, and a brief return to the gayer one; a peroration, followed by a quiet close.

The discourse is fusty, the musical material obvious, old-fashioned, and uninteresting—so much so that one is almost irresistibly tempted to quip something like, "innocence is Bliss." It simply filibusters along, saying little. The McPhee piece is another matter. This is an idyllically lovely work.

The musical material is actually simple, drawn largely from pentatonic motives of Balinese character. Thematically, McPhee's Pastoral Symphony is related to his colorful orchestral Tabuh-Tabuhan, which has been brilliantly recorded by Howard Hanson for Mercury. But here all similarity ends. This is a truly pastoral work, one that is essentially lyrical. It is evocative, and at times tranquilly hypnotic. McPhee's command of orchestral technique is so masterful that one scarcely senses it. Though the composer consciously draws inspiration from Oriental sources, he handles his materials so skillfully that they avoid being exotic or rarefied. It is a musical treat and it flows with a spontaneity that is untroubled by theories and intellectual inhibitions. Avoiding programmatic exposition, Whitney, as usual, conducts with perception and skill.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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Keyboard

Continued from page 35

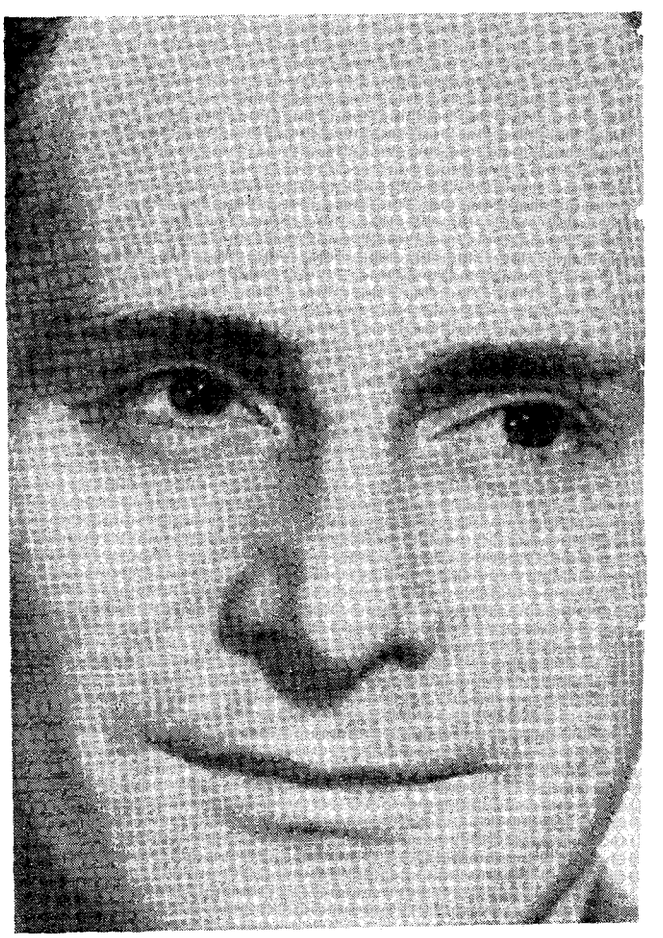
tissimo and *prestissimo* are unanimously rejected by Soviet critics, while our vertiginous tempos, often achieved at the cost of accuracy and expression, are still admired in the West. Fortunately, we do have a few young performers who forbear the temptation of fast, hard-hitting virtuosity. Van Cliburn, for instance, favors quite moderate tempos, a fact apparently appreciated by Moscow's contest jury.

Just *why* Cliburn won was a question the Russians asked themselves still more insistently than we, only they paraphrased it: Why did not one of *ours* win? The Texan's success gave rise to all sorts of conjectures, including the curious notion of a "fix." Accordingly, either the Soviet jury was secretly instructed, or the Soviets withheld the most capable challengers. The advocates of this "1984" theory pointed out that the Russians did not express undue concern over their defeat. On the contrary, with their usual knack for turning setbacks into propaganda victories, the Soviets told the world how *they* discovered native American talent. Acquainted as I am with the political and musical climate of the Moscow Conservatory, I am certain that Cliburn won only because he deserved it. I am not implying any judgment about the quality of his Moscow performances. I am simply stating that his competitors appeared less impressive. Perhaps the attraction of an "exotic" import from Texas also played a part, but surely no commissar had to prearrange the level of local contestants. Indeed, judging from its youngest representatives Soviet pianism has suffered a slight decline during the last decade. Malinin and Vlasenko appear inferior to Zak and Tamarkina, as recorded in *their* youth while Ashkenazy, for all his excellence, is *not* a young Flier. Soviets also lost the 1955 Chopin international contest in Warsaw. This current decline, verified on numerous recordings, may be attributed to the chaos-wreaking World War II, and the demise or senility of the few superlative teachers who trained earlier generations of Soviet virtuosos. Another cause may be linked to the increased pedagogic rigorism much debated in Russia "after Cliburn." As one Moscow critic put it: "We have become much too interested in how the pupil speaks, rather than in what he says."

Debates of this kind have been going on all along the Soviet Union. They exercise the verbal dexterity of the most acute piano dialectitions, although their sharpest thrusts may be hidden behind Aesopean language. The disputants have good reason to be on their guard as some topics are rather delicate. There is for instance the matter of the handsome price which the Soviet performer pays for his free, superb education. Students have no control over their choice of jobs, and graduation from a conservatory may be followed by placement in a remote province. To prolong his stay in a great metropolitan center, a student may even try to sign up for additional courses in another major. Our students, of course, are also confronted by job problems, but they are free to elect a professional struggle in New York over a more comfortable life in a less musically inspiring town.

As for the mature Soviet pianist, the scope of his foreign appearances is as dependent on his ideological soundness as on his artistic attainments.

The future of Western pianism is up to us. It will take long-range effort to utilize all the potentialities of our



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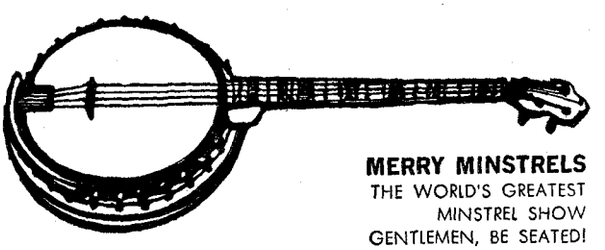

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talents and to restore our once remarkable imagination. In technique, especially initial training, we can learn a great deal from the Russians who know so much more about us than we about them. We could adapt some of their patterns in the early formation of the musical personality. As for creative imagination, the Soviets offer us no guidance. Nor, apparently, can our personal and artistic freedom provide any automatic solution. While Western students are at liberty to seek more individual interpretations and learn from every source, these opportunities have been largely misused. Such highly instructive guideposts as historic recordings are little known or appreciated by the conventional virtuoso of today. The interpretative approach of the old keyboard wizards and their freedom of expression are today distrusted, to say the least. The New Pianist is taught that traditional patterns are unfashionable. But he is not told that some of the great masters of the past were far ahead of their time; that the art of Rachmaninoff and Hofmann was practically free from any mannerisms; that it was Hofmann who astonished his age by the rhythmical accuracy of his readings—an accuracy which at times even surpasses that of Soviet virtuosos. Finally, the young pianist fails to realize that the creative imagination, essential to the artist's personality, is never outdated. In order to develop this rare gift, one must first appreciate it in others. By others, I mean precisely the oft-referred-to old masters.

From Landowska we can learn that declamatory expression may be created solely by rhythmical means (*i.e.*, without piano-dynamics). Rachmaninoff can show us the full range of dynamic gradations and the soaring, all-embracing flight of his imagination. Hofmann offers a kaleidoscope of interpretative concepts with differently colored "repeats," all reflecting his sheer genius. His beautifully articulated rubato sharply contrasts with that of his fellow Chopinists whose agogics were often dictated by their technical shortcomings. Pianistic convenience rather than aesthetic choice was the motivation for these rationalized ritenutos in difficult passages played by the majority of Chopin performers. Hofmann never had to resort to an agogical SOS. His uncompromising technique permitted him to ritard when he *really* wished to do so. Among the twenty-four pianists compared in the Chopin Ballade in G minor, Hofmann was *the only one* who refused to compromise any technical demands of the score. See him jumping tiger-like to reach, in perfect time, the dramatic sixth D-B flat in the *appassionato* preceding the Finale (m. 206). Some other performers achieved imposing effects here, but they stretched the pace or approached the entire episode in a reduced speed. It follows that pianists with perfectly balanced technique, like Hofmann, Gieseking, or Casadesus, were able to avoid the excessive ritenutos among other rhythmic sins. And whenever they introduced the correct meter into a long-mistreated passage, listeners immediately "felt" that something was "amiss."

To form an imaginative concept and to render it accurately has ever been the achievement of the privileged few. The paths to this height are long and arduous. They are also dangerous. In following illuminating signposts like Hofmann and Rachmaninoff, one must remember that their subjective conceptions were an integral part of their personalities and cannot be imitated. Rather than copy, pianists—on both sides of the Iron Curtain—could revive their cultivation of subjective expression, forbidden there, forgotten here. Then only will the piano return to its full measure of majesty.

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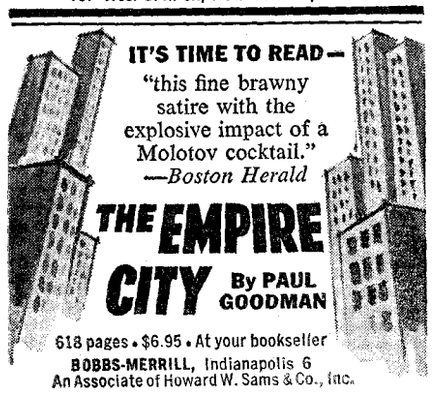

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Continued from page 43

fishers" are some of the operas represented. Rare Records would like to have either an English business reference or a check (preferably in sterling) before mailing the record. The cost to me, postage included, was £2 6s 9d ($6.54).

Mr. Marro—and other readers—may be interested to know that Rare Records can also supply "The Immortal Gigli" (RCA RB-16129), a record released by Victor in England but apparently not available here. This one consists of recordings made in the late 1920s and consists of Italian arias and duets (sung with de Luca). A 1929 version of Pinza appears in last scene of "Lucia" as an extra bonus.

A. B. CHAMBERS.

Baltimore, Md.

STEBER'S ROLE

YOU RECENTLY LISTED Birgit Nilsson as the Donna Anna in the new R.C.A. "Don" [*SR* July 25]. While Miss Nilsson has yet to prove the merits of her Donna Anna to American audiences, the superlative interpretation of Eleanor Steber in this role remains unrecorded.

Are the American recording companies so pledged to commercialism and to foreign-trained singers that they can continue to ignore the accomplishments of Miss Steber?

DOUGLAS R. MC MANIS.

Chicago, Ill.

MORE ON TUTHILL

STILL ABOUT CARNEGIE HALL and architect William Burnet Tuthill [*SR* June 27]—Tuthill is as *Tut-hill* sounds!

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MOUTHS OF BABES DEPT.

DEAR MADAME CALLAS:

I am fifteen years of age, a *Chicagoan*, and a very ardent fan of yours. I have a great desire to see or hear you in certain roles, and was wondering if your future plans included recordings of the following:

1. Remakes of "Gioconda" and "Traviata."
2. A rather improbable request: a recording of "Turandot," in which you would take the part of Liu.
3. Complete recordings of "Semiramide," "Alceste," "Suor Angelica," and "Manon Lescaut."

I shall look in the future for the undertaking of projects such as these. Also, I was privileged to have witnessed your tremendous performance of "Lucia" in *Chicago in 1954, and look forward to* seeing you again, I hope, in the not too distant future. To show the extent of my admiration for your unique art, I am the proud owner of your pressings of "Norma," "Lucia," "Tosca," "Cavalleria," and the "Puccini Heroines." You will always be one of the fondest memories of my boyhood.

BARRY FRAUMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

CONCERNING PIANISM

FOR QUITE SOME time I have been reading the very excellent articles in your magazine by Jan Holcman about various piano recordings.

It is regrettable that there are not more critics of Mr. Holcman's ability, as one cannot help but admire the vast knowledge that he must possess to write such outstanding articles.

However, in the June 30, 1956 issue of *SR*, an article about Mr. Holcman by Fred Grunfeld stated that Mr. Holcman was then preparing a comprehensive study of pianism in the last century.

Since I greatly admire Mr. Holcman's analytical ability, I would very much like to know if you would inform me as to when his study is expected to be published.

I am thirteen years old and have been studying the piano for six years. I have a large collection of piano recordings, and am greatly interested in articles concerning such recordings.

DONALD MANILDI.

Spokane, Wash.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1327

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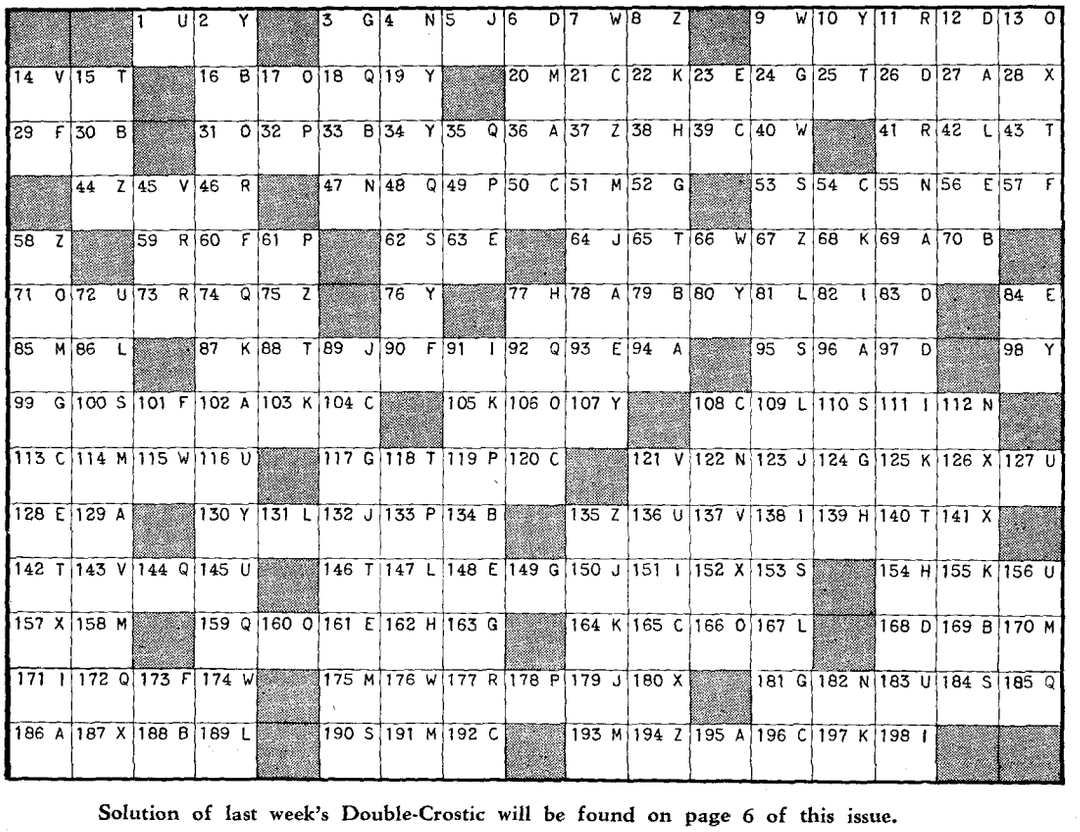
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Melting; becoming runny.	96 27 36 195 94 186 129 78 69 102
B. Profound; hidden from ordinary modes of thought.	169 33 79 70 134 188 16 30
C. Pertaining to one of the Napoleonic "kingdoms", 1807-13.	192 196 113 39 21 104 108 120 50 54 165
D. Specifying that "Grange" of Frank R. Stockton's first success, 1879.	26 6 12 97 83 168
E. An exceeding offense against order, right, decency.	148 161 56 23 93 128 84 63
F. Island, Pacific inlet where it is situated and England-Spain treaty fixing its ownership, 1790.	57 60 173 29 90 101
G. Determination of freezing points of liquids; in British Crossword idiom, it is to weep, a bone, and an imitation.	181 117 163 124 3 99 24 149 52
H. To record; to join.	38 162 154 139 77
I. Second largest island in Bering Sea, now game and bird sanctuary; rhymes with an ultra-modern machine of interest to Art Linkletter.	91 111 171 138 82 151 198
J. Lightless, as the deeps of the ocean.	64 132 150 5 123 179 89
K. Sweetmeat of pounded almonds and sugar.	125 164 155 103 105 22 197 87 68
L. Involves.	86 189 109 81 42 131 147 167
M. Resembling a certain dreaded monster.	193 85 20 175 158 51 170 114 191
N. Strove, struggled.	47 182 122 55 4 112
O. Threatening.	106 71 160 166 17 13 31
P. The "Desert Fox" of World War II (1891-1944).	61 32 49 178 133 119
Q. The tropical skin ailment known as yaws, highly contagious, difficult to cure.	159 144 48 18 172 74 185 35 92
R. Bear without serious detriment; give, grant, confer.	177 41 59 11 46 73
S. The "money plant" or honest.	62 110 184 190 53 95 100 153
T. Place between.	88 140 142 146 43 25 118 65 15
U. Describing a piano maintained under standard pitch (comp.).	183 72 1 127 156 136 145 116
V. Official flower of New Mexico.	143 45 14 137 121
W. In U.S., marsh marigold; in Britain, a primrose.	66 176 174 40 7 115 9
X. Device important to a radio station and insect.	126 157 141 187 180 152 28
Y. Scottish folk who went along with English bards, early 19th cent.	10 80 130 76 2 107 19 34 98
Z. Synonym of Word M.	58 194 37 135 75 44 67 8

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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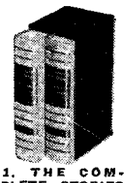

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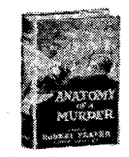

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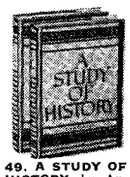

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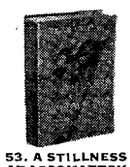

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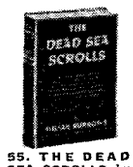

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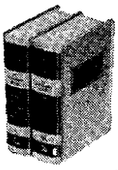

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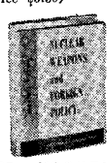

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